



SMALL CLOUDS ARE SAILING
BLUE SKY PREVAILING,

THE RAIN IS OVER AND GONE!

(Written in March)

Herbert Strang's
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PREFACE

IT is probable that no two persons would ever agree on a principle of selection for an anthology of verse. My own aim is simple—to provide for children a collection of poems, old and new, all of them having some claim to be regarded as *poetry*, and the most of them short enough to be learnt by heart, not as a set task, but spontaneously, by force of their own impression upon the youthful imagination. The collection includes many old favourites, and a large number of modern pieces that have never appeared in any similar anthology. The first part is intended specially for young children; the second, containing a good proportion of ballads and narrative poems, will be held to be more particularly suited to boys, the third, while not lacking in the story element, has more of the lyrical and the contemplative that appeal to girls. But no hard-and-fast line of distinction can be drawn, and in either part both boys and girls with a taste for poetry will find much to interest and satisfy them.

Acknowledgment of permission to reprint copyright poems is made to the following, whose poems appear with their names attached—Lady Grey of Fallodon (Pamela Tennant), Mrs Tynan Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), Madame Duclaux

(Mary F Robinson), M Horace Smith, Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir William Watson, Mr William Canton, Mr Thomas Hardy, Mr Rudyard Kipling, Mr Walter de la Mare, Mr John Masefield, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr Arthur Symons, and Mr William Butler Yeats, also to Messrs Macmillan & Co for the poems by Alfred Austin; to Sir Henry Newbolt for the poem by Mary Coleridge, to Messrs John Lane for the poem by John Davidson, to Mr Alban Dobson for the poem by Austin Dobson, to Messrs Whitcombe and Tombs for the poem by George Essex Evans, to Mr Martin Secker for the poem by James Elroy Flecker, to Messrs Macmillan and Co for the poems by William Ernest Henley, to Dr Greville MacDonald and Messrs Chatto and Windus for the poem by George MacDonald, to Mr Wilfred Meynell for the poems by Alice Meynell, to Messrs Longmans for the poem by William Morris and the poems from R L Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, to Mr T T Tucker for the poem by E Nesbit, and to Messrs Chatto and Windus for the poem from R L Stevenson's *Underwoods*

HERBERT STRANG

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PART I

THE RAINDROPS' MESSAGE

THE silver raindrops patter
Upon the earth to-day,
Tap ! Tap ! Their knock is gentle,
And this is what they say

“ Oh ! little flowers, awaken,
And open wide your door ,
Come out, in pretty dresses,
For Spring is here once more ”

Lucy Diamond

SPRING

IN the Spring come brighter skies,
Many a flower blows, fresh and gay ,
Elves let loose the butterflies,
And children laugh, and sing, and play

Agnes Grozier Herbertson

FAIRY UMBRELLA

Out in the waving meadow grass
The pretty daisies grow,

I love to see their golden eyes,
Their petals white as snow

I wonder if the fairies use
The dainty little flowers
To keep their frocks from getting wet
In sudden April showers

Lucy Diamond

THE NEST

A LITTLE bird sat on a bough
He sat and sang "I'm happy now,
The cold, cold wind has gone to bed,
The sun is shining overhead,
And shining on a little nest,
And on a bird with browny breast "

"Where is your nest ?"
"Ah no one knows,
But two little birds
And a briar rose "

Margaret Ashworth

THE VIOLET

All, violet, dearest violet,
Will you not tell me, dear,
Why you are here so early,
Ere other flowers appear ?

Because I am so tiny,
Therefore in May come I,
If I came with the others
I fear you'd pass me by

THE SNOWDROPS

“ WHERE are the snowdrops ? ” said the sun.
“ Dead ! ” said the frost,
“ Buried and lost—
Every one ! ”

“ A foolish answer,” said the sun
“ They did not die
Asleep they lie—
Every one ! ”

“ And I will wake them, I, the sun,
Into the light,
All clad in white—
Every one ! ”

Annie Matheson

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST

HIGH in the pine-tree,
The little turtle-dove
Made a little nursery
To please her little love
“ Coo,” said the turtle-dove,
“ Coo,” said she,
In the long and shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree

The young turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest
For they dearly loved each other,
Though they loved their mother best .
“ Coo,” said the little doves,
“ Coo,” said she ,
And they played together kindly
In the dark pine-tree

BABY SONG

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day ?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away
Birdie, rest a little longer
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away

Alfred Lord Tennyson

THE DEW FAIRIES

THE little fairies of the dew
Come stealing downwards in the night,
And over meadow, vale and hill,
They pass, with footsteps soft and light

They bear wee drops all fresh and cool
For thirsty leaves and fading flowers,
And over parched and sun-dried grass
They scatter light and silvery showers

The children never hear them pass,
But in the morning they may find
How all the fairies of the dew
Have fled, and left their gems behind

Lucy Diamond

IF YOU HAVE A TABBY-CAT

If you have a tabby-cat,
If you want to please him,
Tie a ribbon round his neck,
Never, never tease him
Tabby-cats are grave and stately,
And they like to act sedately

Agnes Grozier Herbertson

A THRUSH'S SONG

Did he do it ? Did he do it ?
Come and see, come and see,
Cherry sweet, cherry sweet,
Knee deep, knee deep,
Pity *you*, pity *you*,
To me ! To me ! To me !

Pamela Tennant

THE RABBITS

THE little furry rabbits
Keep very, very still,
And peep at me across the grass
As I walk up the hill

But if I venture nearer
To join them at their play,
A flash of white—and they are gone,
Not one of them will stay !

Lucy Diamond

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

WEE Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and down tur in his night gown
Peeping through the window, cryin' through the
lock,
"Are all the children in their beds? It's past
eight o'clock."

THE MOON BOAT

The Lady Moon up yonder
Is like a silver boat
Upon a dark blue ocean,
All silently afloat.

And when the fairies waken
They'll climb the moonbeams white,
And far across the heavens
Go sailing in the night.

Lucy Diamond

ROBIN

Robin sang sweetly
When the days were bright
"Thanks! Thanks for Summer!"
He sang with all his might

Robin sang sweetly
In the Autumn days
"There are fruits for every one.
Let all give praise!"

In the cold and wintry weather
Still hear his song
"Somebody must sing," said Robin,
"Or Winter will seem long"

When the Spring came back again
He sang "I told you so !
Keep on singing through the Winter ;
It will always go ! "

THE MOLE

Oh, funny little Mr Mole,
Your house is large and fine,
Your velvet coat is grander far
Than any coat of mine

And yet I would not change with you,
Not for a single day !
It's surely not a pleasant thing
Beneath the ground to stay

I like to see the summer sky,
And breathe the fresh, sweet air
How very, very strange of you
To choose to live down there !

Lucy Diamond

THE NUT TREE

I HAD a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg,
And a golden pear
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut tree
I skipped over the water,
I danced over the sea,
And all the birds in the air
Could not catch me

THREE LITTLE FISH

Three little fish a swimming went
Upon a summer day,
I tell in my a wondrous thing they found,
And very pleased were they
At night they saw the sun grow red
Behind the crooked spire
"There must be something wrong," they said,
"Let's hurry home and get to bed
Before the world's on fire!"

Agnes Grozier Herbertson

THE BROOK

I like to watch the pretty brook
Go rippling on its way,
It sings me such a happy song
All through the summer day,
It tells me tales of many things,
As on the grass I lie
About the hills from which it came,
And where it goes—and why
And if I had a tiny boat,
A-sailing I would go
And hasten with the brook to join
The river deep and slow

Lucy Diamond

THE WHISPER-WHISPER MAN

The Whisper-whisper man
Makes all the wind in the world
He has a gown as brown as brown,
His hair is long and curled

In the stormy winter-time
He taps at your window-pane,

And all the night, until it's light,
He whispers through the sun

If you peeped through a Fairy Ring
You'd see him, little and brown;
You'd hear the beat of his chickety feet
Scampering through the town

Thora Stowell

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Oven clock has such a merry face,
And from his corner in the hall,
He watches me go in and out,
Upstairs and down I hear his call

He tells me when 'tis time to rise,
He rings so loudly when it's eight,
And, oh I'm sure he looks at me
When I come down to breakfast time

He talks to me throughout the day
With echoing tick and ringing chime,
And tells the hours for work or play,
For dinner, tea, or supper time.

And even if I wake at night,
All in the lonely dark, I hear
The dear old clock who never sleeps
And feel as if a friend is near

Lucy D'Amord

THE OWL

Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! The old white owl
Wakes up at night when watch-dog howl
He's very old and very wise,
He sees so much with big round eyes

He lives within the dark church tower,
And sometimes at the twilight hour,
I see him pass across the sky,
But never, never hear him fly

Lucy Diamond

OWLS AT BLD TIME

When the night is very dark
Little fluffy owls creep out
From their nests in hollow trees
We can see them sit about,
We can hear them as they cry,
"Tu whit, tu whoo!" as they go by
"Tu whit, tu whoo! Tu whit, tu-whoo!"
Oh, children dear, good night to you!"

When the great big sun comes out,
When again we see the day,
Back into their hollow tree,
Little owlets find their way
And sleepily we hear them cry,
"Tu whit, tu whoo!" as they go by
"Tu-whit, tu whoo! Tu-whit, tu whoo!"
Oh, children dear, good day to you!"

Thora Storrell

A WAKING SONG

DAINTY snowdrops, tell me, pray—
In the earth so deep,
Are your little sister flowers
Waking from their sleep?

Will the crocus ladies soon
Silken robes unfold?

Are the dancing daffodils
Donning gowns of gold ?

Winter days have been so long,
Very dark and drear,
Now the sun shines out again
Surely spring is near

Lucy Diamond

NIGHT-TIME

I LIE in my bed and I hear in the street
The people passing by ,
The slow, the quick, the limping feet ,
I see a bit of the sky

The wind is there, and the stars are bright,
And the clouds are hurrying past ,
I should like to ride on the wind at night,
Ever so high and fast !

The fairies may go, the witches too,
But children must sleep in bed
How I wish we had magical brooms—don't you ?—
To ride on the wind instead !

Thora Stowell

THE NIGHT WIND

THERE'S someone tapping at the window,
There's someone whispering at the door,
There's someone creeping through below there,
And lifting up the carpet from the floor

Shuh ! there's a crying and a moaning ,
Hist ! what a racket and a din !
Ho ! such a roaring in the chimney ,
'Tis the night wind trying to get in

Catherine A. Morin .

THE SNAIL

How would you like to take with you your house
upon your back,
And such a sunny house as this— all curly, brown
and black?
You say, "As slow as any snail," and yet I'd like
to see
If you'd go any faster, if you had a load like me!

Lucy Diamond

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you know what the birds say? The Sparrow,
the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong,
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud
song

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love and my Love loves me!"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

THE FISHIES

LITTLE silver fishes
Darting to and fro,
I can see you shining
As you come and go

In the bright cool water
Merrily you play,

That is very pleasant
On a sunny day

But, when winter passes
Through this pretty glen,
Little silver fishes,
What do you do then ?

Lucy Diamond

THE FISHERS

When evening shadows in the sky
Bring sleepy time for me,
The fishing vessels spread their sails
To catch the breezes free,
And fishermen begin their work
Upon the lonely sea

Their little children sleep at home,
But whether wind or rain,
The fishers cast the dripping nets,
And haul with might and main
All through the hours of dark they toil,
Till daylight comes again

O fishermen, you work for me
Out on the waters deep,
And so I say a little prayer
Before I go to sleep
“ O loving Father, in Thy care
The strong, brave fishers keep ”

Lucy Diamond

ROBIN'S SONG

Such a litter of leaves on the ground,
Oh ! such a litter !
Not a leaf on the tree to be found
The wind is so bitter !
And nothing to hear but the sound
Of my little twitter

The fairies have made me a vest,
Velvet and rosy,
Like the glow of the sun in the west,
Or a pretty pink posy
No wonder I'm singing my best,
So comfy and cosy !

Natalie Joan

LITTLE RAINDROPS

OH ! where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window-pane ?

They won't let me walk
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day ?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window,
I should like to play with you

The little raindrops cannot speak,
But "pitter, patter, pat"
Means "We can play on this side
Why can't you play on that?"

Anne Hawkshaw

BINKIE AND ME

BINKIE and me, in the twilight time,
Creep up the stairs,
Me with my gun, and Binks with his growl,
Hunting Bears

Just at the darkest corner of all
A terrible big one lies,
We hear him growling as we come by,
See his eyes!

But I am a man, and Binkie's so brave,
We track him right home to his lair
I shoot him dead, and Binkie he *growls*!
We don't care!

When Dorothy came here to stay with us once,
She was as 'fraid as could be,
Though why she should mind, when I had my gun,
I can't see!

Oh, the loveliest time in the day for me
Is when we two creep up the stairs,
Me with my gun, and Binks with his growl,
Hunting Bears

Thora Stowell

SNOWDROPS

LITTLE ladies, white and green,
With your spears about you,
Will you tell us where you've been
Since we lived without you ?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces ,
In the dark earth where you've been
There are wondrous places

Yet you come again, serene,
When the leaves are hidden ,
Bringing joy from where you've been
You return unbidden—

Little ladies, white and green,
Are you glad to cheer us ?
Hunger not for where you've been,
Stay till Spring be near us !

Laurence Alma Tadema

THE MOON

OH, look at the Moon ,
She is shining up there
Oh, Mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air !

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O

Pretty Moon, pretty Moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor !

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face

And there is a star
Close by you, and maybe
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby

MY LITTLE DOG

I'll never hurt my little dog,
But stroke and pat his head,
I like to see him wag his tail,
I like to see him fed

Poor little thing, how very good,
And very useful too,
For do you know that he will mind
What he is bid to do?

Then I will never hurt my dog,
And never give him pain,
But treat him kindly every day,
And he'll love me again

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he,
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran,
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you
can!"

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him and almost got a fall
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy
say?

Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin jumped away

THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star !
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night

The dark blue sky you keep
And often thro' my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky

"Tis your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark ,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star !

Jane Taylor

WHERE ?

Where do you come from, harebell blue,
In your fresh green bed, and your frock so new ?
Out of the morning ?—out of the dew ?

Where do you come from, daffodil fair,
In your smock of green and your yellow hair ?
Out of the sunshine ?—out of the air ?

Where do you come from, poppy, pray,
Decking the field with your bonnet gay ?
Out of the sunset of yesterday ?

Natalie Joan

ALL ASLEEP

SEE ! the merry little Squirrel now has scrambled
to his nest,
And the funny, prickly hedgehog seeks a cosy place
to rest
Mr Frog has found a blanket in the pond so dark
and deep,
While the drowsy little Dormouse too, has safely
gone to sleep

If I go to pay a visit to the house of Mr Snail,
I shall find his doorway covered with a shining coat
of mail ,
While at the very bottom of his home so dull and
big
Mr Mole is hidden deeper than a little boy can
dig

In the corner of the dark barn, where I almost fear
to tread,
Upside down the Bats are hanging from the rafters
overhead ,
And my little friend the Tortoise, no—I cannot
find to-day ,
'Neath the leaf-mould in the garden he is hidden
right away

Lucy Diamond

HEIGH HO !

THERE was a little rose in a garden bed,
She had a green frock and a pretty pink head
Heigh ho !
Let the winds blow

There came a little bee, and he said " Fair lady,
You live in a garden sweet and shady "
Heigh ho !
Let the winds blow

“Fair sir,” said the rose, “you bring warm weather,
Pray let us sing a gay song together”
Heigh ho!
Let the winds blow

There came a little bird, and he said “I’ll stay
And sing a right merry song, if I may”
Heigh ho!
Let the winds blow

There came a little girl, and she danced and said
“I love my rose with the pretty pink head”
Heigh ho!
Let the winds blow

She danced and she sang in the garden shady
Good-bye, bird and bee, good-bye, rose-lady
Heigh ho!
Let the winds blow

Margaret Ashworth

NURSE’S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still

“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise,
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies”

“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep,
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep”

" Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed "
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed
And all the hills echoed

William Blake

LADY MOON

" LADY Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving ? "
" Over the Sea "
" Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving ? "
" All that love me "
" Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep ?
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep ? "
" Ask me not this, little child, if you love me,
You are too bold ,
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told "
" Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving ? "
" Over the Sea "
" Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving ? "
" All that love me "

Lord Houghton

LITTLE TROTTY WAGTAIL

LITTLE trotty wagtail, he went in the rain,
And twittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got
straight again
He stooped to get a worm, and looked up to get a
fly,
And then he flew away ere his feathers they were
dry

Little trotty wagtail, he waddled in the mud,
And left his little footmarks, trample where he
would

He waddled in the water-pudge, and waggle went
his tail,
And chirruppt up his wings to dry upon the garden
rail

Little trotty wagtail, you nimble all about,
And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in
and out,
Your home is nigh at hand, and in the warm pig-
sty,
So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a good-bye

John Clare

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, " Dear Work ! Good Night ! Good
Night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things ! Good Night ! Good Night ! "

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the road ,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
" Good little girl ! Good Night ! Good Night ! "

She did not say to the Sun " Good Night ! "
Though she saw him there like a ball of light ,
She knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed ,

And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees, her favourite prayer

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good Morning! Good Morning! our work is
begun!"

Lord Houghton

THE FAIRY

O who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho!
 He dances and sings
 To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

O who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy, heigh ho!
 His nectar he sips
 From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

O who is so merry, so wary, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho!
 His night is the noon
 And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

George Darley

WISHING

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
 And the Elm-Tree for our King!

Nay—stay ! I wish I were an Elm-Tree,
A great lofty Elm-Tree, with green leaves gay !
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glancing,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing !

O—no ! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go ,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing

Well—tell ! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For a Mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing !

William Allingham

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ,
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply ,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh

William Blake

THE FLOWERS

DAISIES are neat,
Violets are sweet,
Sweet-peas flit-flutter
With wings to their feet

The buttercup glistens,
He's cheerful and kind,
The cuckoo-flower listens
To the song of the wind

Agnes Grozier Herbertson

A JEWEL DAY

O CHILDREN, wake, for a fairy world
Is waiting for you and me,
With gems aglow on the meadow grass,
And jewels on every tree

The hedgerows glitter, the dark woods shine
In dresses of sparkling white,
For while we slumbered, the Ice Queen passed
All over the earth last night

Lucy Diamond

THINGS TO WEAR

If you wear a woven ring
Made of grass,
You can hear the fairies sing
As they pass,
You can hear them rush and scurry
When they're rather in a hurry

If you wear a daisy-chain
Neat and strong,
You can hear the goblin train
Rush along,

You can hear it hoot and whistle
As it dives beneath a thistle

If you lace two grassy blades
In your shoe,
You can dream of fairy glades,
Fairies too

If you've found a four-leaved clover,
You can dream this four times over!

Agnes Grozier Herbertson

A FLOWER

I SAW a flower beside the gate—

It was at yester-noon—
It looked all lone and delicate,
The colour of the moon,
It had a little shining eye
That smiled at me as I went by

The flowers, Nurse says, have gone to sleep
Because the winter's here,
She says there's hardly one will peep
Before another year,
They sleep the winter through, it seems,
Because they have such pleasant dreams

But one, I know, is rather late
It's sure as sure can be
There was a flower beside the gate,
It smiled and looked at me,
I heard it laugh to hear me pass,
Like little bells inside the grass

Agnes Grozier Herbertson

BABY SEED SONG

LITTLE brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark ?
Here we lie cosily, close to each other
Hark to the song of the lark—
“ Waken ! ” the lark says, “ waken and dress you ,
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken ! 'tis morning—'tis May ! ”

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be ?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother ,
Do be a poppy like me
What ! you're a sun-flower ? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high !
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ,
Little brown brother, good-bye

E Nesbit

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,

Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me

James Hogg

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FEATHER

WHEN Timothy sits in school he can see,
Out of the window, an apple tree,
And the mill and the pond and the dashing wheel
And Timothy knows,
If only lessons were over and done,
He could be out there, and play in the sun

Then he'd be a Knight, with his hobby horse,
And out in the world he would ride
Of course there'd be dragons and wizards and ogres
and things,
And Timothy thinks
How he'd be the Knight of the Golden Feather,
And fight them all and the world together

There'd be a Princess with Golden Hair,
And she'd be a prisoner high up there
In the apple-tree boughs, in a Castle of Glass
And Timothy dreams
How he'd rescue her out of the old apple boughs,
And carry her home to her father's house

And so by the window his dreams go by,
Beyond the mill and the trees and the sky,

But lessons and spelling and sums go wrong,
And Timothy hears
" You must stay in, Timothy, after school,
While the others go fishing the Miller's Pool "

It's a long, long day for a poor little Knight,
For lessons are things that must come right ,
But they always go wrong if you dream, you know.
And Timothy sees—
O poor little Knight of the Golden Feather !—
The others at play in the gay summer weather

Next time I expect he will wiser be,
He'll fight those dragons of sums, you see ,
And Timothy knows
That he can run out when at last they're done,
Out and away to play in the sun

Thora Stowell

HOBGOBLIN STEEPLE-JACKS

HAVE you heard what has happened in Teddybear
Town ?

The chimney had cracked, and was dirty, and
brown,

So they sent for the workman to clean it again
With a rope, and a ladder as long as a lane

*Hobgoblin steeple-jacks working night and day,
Hammered it and rammered it with bricks and clay !*

The steeple-jacks came with their pulleys and poles,
And very soon filled up the cracks and the holes
There were some who brought hammers and trowels
and picks,

And others who only brought ladders to fix

*Hobgoblin steeple-jacks working day and night,
Plastered it and mastered it and made all tight !*

The one who was Foreman stood up on the top
And ordered the others to start or to stop ,

While two little Brownies were working the rope,
And pulling up buckets of soda and soap

*Hobgoblin steeple-jacks all the day were seen
Scrubbing it and rubbing it till it was clean'*

Before they had finished, the rain had begun,
And drenched all the little folk watching the
fun

But Brownies don't mind when they're busy and
gay,

So they finished the chimney and went for their pay

*Hobgoblin steeple-jacks working in the rain,
Whitened it and brightened it quite clean again'*

Sedgwick Barnard

THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS

LET us sit down and listen ! I never did hear
Such a number of voices all singing so clear
There's the thrush and the blackbird , I like them
the best,
Except in the winter, the little red-breast

And there's Mr Cuckoo , he's always the same,
He never seems tired of telling his name ,
And there is the skylark, high up in the skies,
I cannot look at him , it dazzles my eyes

And there goes the rook with his fine glossy coat,
For ever repeating his rookery note ,
I could sit here and listen the whole summer
long ,
Every bush in the thicket is merry with song .

Ah ! what have you got, Johnny Jones ? Let us
see ,
A little bird dropped from its nest in the tree
How it shivers and flutters and opens its beak,
And looks all about it as if it would speak !

It wants to be put in its warm nest again
Do climb the tree, Johnny, and try if you can
Ah, you've got it safe there, now, quick, run away;
It was a good thing that we came here to-day

Mary Sewell

THE MAD GOBLIN

A GOBLIN sat on a tree-top high,
(How high? Oh! ever so high!)
His tall, straight cap, of a wonderful sheen,
Was almost as blue as the tree was green
(And that was? As blue as the sky!)

The Goblin played on a Fiddle-de-dee,
(What's that? Well, I'm sure I don't know!)
His voice was as sweet as a crow's in June,
He had only one song and only one tune,
And he sang very loud and slow

He suddenly plumped right off that tree,
(But why? Well, because he did!)
But he came down just a minute too soon,
For he tumbled right into the setting moon,
And he slid, and he slid, and he slid—

Till he slid right into the Land of the Dumps,
(Where's that? Oh! goodness knows!)
But no one has ever seen him since then,
Though he'd soon have got back to the land of men
If he'd only followed his nose!

Thora Stowell

QUEEN MAB

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her hand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade,
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade ,

And talking birds with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales

Thomas Hood

A FUNNY MAN

One day a funny kind of man
Came walking down the street
He wore a shoe upon his head,
And hats upon his feet

He raised the shoe and smiled at me,
His manners were polite ,
But never had I seen before
Such a funny sounding sight

He said, " Allow me to present
Your Highness with a rose "
And taking out a currant bun
He held it to my nose

I staggered back against the wall,
And then I answered, " Well '

I never saw a rose with such
A funny-looking smell ”

He then began to sing a song,
And sat down on the ground,
You never heard in all your life
Such a funny feeling sound

“ My friend, why do you wear two hats
Upon your feet ? ” I said
He turned the other way about,
And hopped home on his head

Natalie Joan

WIND, MOON AND STARS

Wind said, “ Little girl, come out and play awhile
with me ”

Moon said, “ Little girl, wake up ! I’ve come to
look for you ”

Stars said, “ We’re so lonely here, and want your
company ”

Mother said, “ Now, off to bed ! ”—so what could
Janie do ?

Wind said, “ Little girl, I’m here, crying in the
night ”

Moon said, “ Little girl, I’ve lit my great big lamp
for you ”

Stars said, “ We’re all waiting just to see your face
again ”

Mother dear put out the light—so what could
Janie do ?

Wind all night long cried and cried, but Janie was
a-sleeping

Moon climbed up the sky and waited till the day-
light grew

Stars went whivering back to bed when the big
sun came peeping
But Mother said, "Jane, go to sleep!"—so what
could Janie do?

Thora Stowell

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea,
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
But never afeard are we",
So cried the stars to the fishermen three
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

And all night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home,
"Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three.
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three.
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

Eugene Field

INFANT JOY

“ I have no name ,
I am but two days old ”
What shall I call thee ?
“ I happy am ,
Joy is my name ”
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old
Sweet joy I call thee ,
Thou dost smile ,
I sing the while ,
Sweet joy befall thee !

William Blake

THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed ,
By the stream, and o'er the mead ,
Gave thee clothing of delight ,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ,
Gave thee such a tender voice ,
Making all the vales rejoice ?

Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee
He is call'd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are call'd by His name
Little Lamb, God bless thee !
Little Lamb, God bless thee !

William Blake

THE SELLER OF STARS

I wish that I knew the queer street,
The crooked wee street that goes
East of the Sun and West of the Moon,
And out where no wind blows—
Then I'd find the shop where the Seller of Stars
Sits and hummers behind the bars !

Stars he gives for the asking,
Starlight swords for the bold,
Moons he sells for a penny or two,
Rounded and bright with gold,
And bro'en silver of the sea he sells,
And the rain spears and the wind bells

Wings he weaves for the fairies,
Gold of the sun you can buy,
And silver flowers of frost and dew,
Rainbows out of the sky,
And delicate morning mist he sells,
And pretty new songs for whispering shells

Oh, if I could find the dear street,
The darling wee street with his house,
I would buy a blackbird's whistle for you,
And for Johnny a talking mouse,

And a mermaid's tail to swim in the sea,
And dragon-fly wings for my Mummy and me !

I wish I could find the wee street,
That wanders up and down,
That is East of the Sun, West of the Moon,
And very near Twilight Town,
Where the Seller of Stars for a penny or two
Will sell your heart's desire to you

Thora Stowell

THE WIMPSEY COBBLER

THE Wimpsey Cobbler has a house
As thimble-small and wise
As any fairy thing there is
Under the starry skies
And there all night he works away,
Humpy and old and thin,
Cobbling the fairies' silver shoes
Till crowing cocks begin
And there's no end to all the things
The Wimpsey Cobbler knows
He'll take your shoes and patch them up
With the goldy heart of a rose ,
With a star or two he'll buckle them,
And stitch them airily light,
With little delicate cobweb threads
And moonshine silver-white

But now and then in his elfish way
He'll do the oddest things—
He'll send them back to you maybe
With little hidden wings
And when they hear the fairy pipes
Off and away they'll be,
Off and away to the Cobbler's House
A-dancing merrily !
And when you go to fetch them back
He'll say they're hardly dry

From all the starry goldy dust
That tangled them in the sky
And you'll have to coax, and tease, and plead,
And pay with a dream or two,
Before he'll pull off the pretty wings
And give them back to you

But don't be feared of the Wimpsey Man,
For nobody understands
What beautiful fairy things he does
With a twist of his curly hands ,
And when you pass his fairy house,
So thimble-small and wise,
He'll always have a gift for you
Under the starry skies ,
He'll always have a smile for you,
Provided you're his friend ,
And you will be a happy child
With all the luck he'll send !

Thora Stowell

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I
can see,
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head ,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into
my bed

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes
to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very
slow ,
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-
rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of
him at all

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup,
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed

Robert Louis Stevenson

A BALLAD

A BEAUTIFUL maiden lived at a mill,
She sang and she laughed and she worked with a will,
But the Mayor of Gloucester was riding by,
And he caught a glance from her bright blue eye.
Humbledum

The sails of the mill went whirring on,
The gold on the good Mayor's chariot shone;
The Mayor stepped out and strode to the door,
And the maiden stood on the powdery floor.
Humbledum

THE MAYOR

O Miller, give me your lass so fine
To ride in this handsome coach of mine;
Tho' she is the maid of the mill on the down
She shall be Queen of Gloucester town!
Humbledum

THE MILLER

Oh, who will waken me at dawn
Or bake my bread so brown ?
Or brew the heavy nut-brown ale
If you go off to town ?

THE MAID

The hind will bake thy bread for thee,
The white bread and the brown
The cock will crow to waken thee
When I go off to town.

THE MILLER

The wealth of twenty sacks I'll give,
And leave the mill to thee,
And twenty ploughs to plough the down,
If you will bide with me

THE MAID

Not twenty sacks nor twenty mills,
Nor ploughs to plough the down,
Will keep me from my own true love
That dwells in Gloucester town

Humbledum

M Horace Smith

LOST TIME

TIMOTHY took his time to school,
Plenty of time he took
But some he lost in the tadpole pool,
And some in the stickle-back brook
Ever so much in the linnet's nest,
And more on the five-barred gate—
Timothy took his time to school
But he lost it all and was late

Timothy has a lot to do—
How shall it all be done ?

Why, he never got home till close on two,
Though he might have been back by one
There's sums, and writing and spelling too,
And an apple tree to climb
Timothy has a lot to do—
How shall he find the time ?

Timothy sought it high and low :
He looked in the tadpole pool
To see if they'd taken the time to grow
That he lost on the way to school
He found the nest, and he found the tree,
And he found the gate he'd crossed,
But Timothy never shall find (ah me !)
The time that Timothy lost

Ffrida Wolfe

A RHYME OF HARVEST

SEE ! The wide cornfields are shining like gold ,
Heavy the ears with the grain that they hold
Cut them, O reapers, this bright autumn day,
Bind them, and carry, and stow them away

See ! The slow waggon brings over the hill
Grain for the miller to grind in his mill
Hurry, O miller, it must not be late,
Down in the town for the flour they wait

See ! The kind baker in cap clean and white,
Busily working from morning till night,
Kneading and baking for you and for me
Bread for our breakfast and cakes for our tea

Lucy Diamond

THE BLOSSOM

MERRY, merry sparrow !
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom

Pretty, pretty robin !
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom

William Blake

SUMMER DUSK

Now may we follow on his curving flight,
The white owl mousing in the failing light.
And from the osiers in the river meads,
Hear the sedge-warbler, chiding in the reeds

Pamela Tennant

MOON MAGIC

ONE day when Father and I had been
To sell our sheep at Berwick Green,
We reached the farm-house late at night,
A great moon rising round and bright

Her strange beam shed on all around
Bewitched the trees, and streams, and ground,
Changing the willows beyond the stacks
To little old men with crouching backs

To-day the sun was shining plain,
They all were pollarded willows again.
But at night—do you believe they're trees?
They're little old men with twisted knees

Pamela Tennant

THE ROAD

OUTSIDE our little garden gate, far over hill and down,
The broad white road, the long white road, goes winding to the town
I often peer between the birs when I am tired of play,
And wish that I could follow it some happy summer day

The grown folk pass beneath the trees that stand so straight and tall,
But I must stay at home and play, because I am so small,
And wait till I am big and strong, before I go to see
What lies along the great white road that beckons now to me

Lucy Diamond

THE LITTLE WHITE ROAD

THE Little White Road climbs over the hill,
My feet they must follow, they cannot be still,
Must follow and follow, though far it may roam,
Oh, Little White Road, will you never come home?

The hills they are patient and steadfast and wise,
They look o'er the valleys and up to the skies,
But the Little White Road scrambles up them and over,
Oh, Little White Road, you are ever a rover!

I fain would go with you right down to the sea
Where a ship with white sails would be waiting
 for me,
Go sailing and sailing to strange lands afar,
Where deserts and forests and lost cities are.

But when I grew weary of gipsying ways,
I'd sail home again for to end all my days
In my little grey cottage, beside the grey hill
But you, Little Road, would be wandering still !

Thora Stowell

MORNING

THE Wind wakes in the garden,
Birds call and cry,
The red light of the dawning
Floods the Eastern sky
Flowers lift dewy faces,
Grass is gemmed and green,
And spangled fairy cobwebs
On every bush are seen
Sun at the bedroom window
Shines on the Little Beds
“ Wake up ! ” he says, “ it’s morning ,
Wake up, you sleepy heads ! ”

Thora Stowell

“ I HAD A DOVE ”

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died ,
 And I have thought it died of grieving
O, what could it grieve for ? Its feet were tied
 With a silken thread of my own hand’s weaving

Sweet little red feet ! why should you die ?
Why should you leave me, sweet bird ? Why ?

You lived alone in the forest-tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft and gave you white pens,
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

John Keats

ULLA BY

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam,
I affer toils amid the din,
But Baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep,
But Baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam,
Sister goes to seek the cows,
But Baby sleeps at home.

LAUGHING SONG

Wix the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dumpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary, and Sus in, and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

William Blake

WRITTEN IN MARCH

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun,
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest,
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill,
The plough-boy is whooping anon, anon
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains,
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone !

William Wordsworth

A WIDOW BIRD

A widow bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE ECHOING GREEN

The Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies,
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring,
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing Green

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say
"Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth time were seen
On the echoing Green"

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry,
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green

William Blake

BY THE MOON

By the Moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day
As we dance the dew doth fall,
Trip it little, urchins all

Lightly as the little Bee,
Two by two, and three by three
And about go we, and about go we

"I do come about the copse,
Leaping upon flowers' tops
Then I get upon a fly,
She carries me above the sky
And trip and go "

"When a dew drop falleth down,
And doth light upon my crown,
Then I shake my head and skip,
And about I trip
Two by two, and three by three
And about go we, and about go we "

Thomas Ratensem

GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills

You friendly earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the river that
flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all,

And yet, when I said my prayers to day,
A Whisper inside me seemed to say,
" You are more than the earth, though you are
such a dot
You can love and think, and the earth cannot ! "

William Brighty Rands

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

William Shakespeare

SONG

Swee t and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep

Alfred Lord Tennyson

A DREAM

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an Emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, 'wilder'd, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say .

“ O my children ! do they cry ?
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see
Now return and weep for me ”

Pitying, I dropped a tear
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied “ What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

“ I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round
Follow now the beetle's hum ,
Little wanderer, hie thee home ”

William Blake

MY SHIP AND I

Oh, it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship—
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond ,
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all
about ,
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret
out,
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive ,

And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I
shall go—
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes
blow,
And the vessel goes a-divie divie-dive

Oh, it's then you'll see me sailing through the
rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow,
For beside the dolly sailor I'm to voyage and ex-
plore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE NIGHT PIECE

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee

Let not the dark thee cumber,
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number

Robert Herrick

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing , comes creeping ,
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
“ Rub-a-dub ! ” it goeth ,
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo ! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth !

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing ,
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty
gleams,
And up, up and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging !

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny
and fleet ?
They'll come to you sleeping ,
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing , comes creeping

Eugene Field

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI'S SONG OF THE CREATURES

GREAT Lord and King of Earth and Sky and Sea,
Who yet can hear a little child like me,
Who gives us everything we ask and more,
These are the things I want to thank you for—

For Brother Sun, whose bright and welcome face
Brings light and colour to each dingy place,
Who, in the golden rays he flashes down,
Reveals the shining glory of Thy crown

For Sister Moon, whose splendour soft and white
Makes out-of-doors so beautiful at night
For all the tiny silver stars on high,
A shower of sparkling snowflakes in the sky

For Brother Wind, who sweeps the clouds away,
And cools my cheeks when I am hot with play
For all the crisp, inviting open air
That carries life and freshness everywhere

For Sister Water, precious, sweet and clean,
Who humbly serves a beggar and a queen,
And who, where sea and sliding pebbles meet,
Comes rippling gently round my naked feet

For Brother Fire, whose light and shadow falls
In merry dances on my nursery walls,
And who, though very powerful and bold,
Will warm my fingers when they ache with cold

For Mother Earth, so solid, firm and wide,
I could not move or shake her if I tried,
Who bears the forests and the waving grass,
And little flowers that beckon as we pass

For all kind people, wheresoe'er they live,
Who help each other, suffer and forgive,
And who, with loving reverence, unite
In serving Thee, by trying to do right

Jessie Pope

THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour

I look down over the farms ,
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars

I stand here in my place
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands ,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands

On Sundays I take my rest ,
Church-going bells begin
Then low melodious din ,
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world,
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day,
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world

Charles Kingsley

THE LAMP-LIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the
sky,
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going
by,
For every night at tea-time and before you take
your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up
the street

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a binker and as rich as he can
be,
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what
I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps
with you

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more,
And oh ! before you hurry by with ladder and with
light,
O, Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night !

Robert Louis Stevenson

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

THE lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars,
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars,
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in Church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon
me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark

The Dog and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall,
Would be half full of water and stars
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed,
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

I

LITTLE cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's ¹ green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee !—
Only the grasshopper and the bee !—
“ Tip tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too !
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe
Left, right, pull it tight ,
Summer days are warm ,
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm ! ”
Lay your ear close to the hill
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lepracaun ² singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?
He's a span
And a quarter in height
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man !

II

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ,
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?
Seize the shoemaker—then you may !
“ Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe ,

¹ Hill side

² Fairy Shoemaker.

Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too ! ”
Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods and rocks,
Ruin and round tow’r, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build,
From times of old
Guarded by him,
Each of them fill’d
Full to the brim
 With gold.

III

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen’d, and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
 “Rip rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too !
(A grasshopper on my cap !
 Away the moth flew !)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son—
Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done ! ”
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt,
I stared at him, he stared at me,
“Servant, Sir ! ” “Humph ! ” says he,
 And pull’d a snuff-box out
He took a long pinch, look’d better pleased,
 The queer little Leprechaun,
Offer’d the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone !

William Allingham

A SONG ABOUT MYSELF

There was a naughty Boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He would not stop at home,
He could not quiet be—
He took
In his Knapsack
A Book
Full of vowels
And a shirt
With some towels—
A slight cap
For night cap—
A hair brush,
Comb ditto,
New stockings
For old ones
Would split O !
This knapsack
Tight at 'a back
He riveted close
And followed his nose
To the North
To the North,
And followed his nose
To the North

There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty boy was he,
For nothing would he do
But scribble poetry—
He took
An inkstand
In his hand
And a Pen
Big as ten
In the other,
And away
In a Pother
He ran

Of a glove,
Not above
The size
Of a nice
Little Baby's
Little fingers—
O he made—
'Twas his trade—
Of fish a pretty Kettle,
A Kettle,
A Kettle,
Of fish a pretty Kettle,
A Kettle !

There was a naughty Boy,
And a naughty boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The people for to see—
There he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red—
That lead
Was as weighty,
That fourscore
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden
As in England—
So he stood in his shoes
And he wondered,
He wondered,
He stood in his shoes
And he wondered

John Keats

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? What the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

William Blake

PIPPA'S SONG

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ,
Morning's at seven ,
The hill-side's dew-pearled ,
The lark's on the wing ,
The snail's on the thorn
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world

Robert Browning



PART II

"O FOR A BOOK"

O for a book and a shady nook,
Either in doors or out,
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the street cries all about,
Where I may read all at my ease,
Both of the new and old,
For a jolly good book wherein to look,
Is better to me than gold

THE PEDDLAR'S CARAVAN

I often I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar man !
Where he comes from nobody know,,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes !

His caravan has windows two,
And a chumby of tin, that the smoke comes
through,
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell !
He clashes the basins like a bell,
Tea trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the border !

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is like a bathing-machine,
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and slash, to the other side !

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home,
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook !

William Brightly Rands

TINKER'S FIRES

Down in the lane the tinker's fire
Glowes like a poppy, red and wild
The tinker, with his wife and child,
Sleeps there beside its wavering spire

The tinker's house is wide and high,
His roof is gemmed by moon and stars ;
Green boughs are his tall window bars,
His bed is curtained by the sky

The wild wind harps strange melodies,
But, to night's magic deaf and blind,
Heedless of moon or keening wind,
He sleeps, beneath the pitying trees

Thora Stowell

THE MILLER'S SONG

FULL many a night in the clear moonlight
Have I wandered by valley and down,
Where owls fly low, and hoot as they go—
The white-wing'd owl, and the brown
For it's up and away ere the dawn of the day,
When the glow-worm shines in the grasses,
And the dusk lies cool on the reed-set pool,
And the night wind passes

Full many a day have I found my way
Where the long road winds round the hill,
Where the wind blows free, on a juniper lea,
To the tune and the clank of a mill
For the miller's a man who must work while he can
With the rye, and the barley growing,
While the slow wheels churn, and the great sails
turn,
To the fresh wind, blowing

Pamela Tennant

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee,
He wrought and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he,
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,—
“ I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me ! ”

“ Thou'rt wrong, my friend ! ” said old King Hal,
“ Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be,
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee ? ”

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap
“ I earn my bread,” quoth he,
“ I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three,
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me ”

“ Good friend,” said Hal, and sigh'd the while,
“ Farewell ! and happy be ;

But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
Thy mill my kingdom's fee !
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee ! ”

Charles MacLay

THE CHILD MUSICIAN

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim
And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—‘ He is weary !
He shall rest for, at least, to night ! ”

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the room

‘Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed —
“ Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God ! ”—was the last he said

Austin Dobson

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ,
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth my fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall "—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed, his plans
Soared up again like fire

The Chief's eye flashed, but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes
" You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said
" I'm killed, Sire ! " And, his Chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead

Robert Browning

SONG OF THE WOODEN-LEGGED FIDDLER

I LIVED in a cottage adown in the West
When I was a boy, a boy,
But I knew no peace and I took no rest,
Though the roses nigh smothered my snug little
nest,

For the smell of the sea

Was much rarer to me,

And the life of a sailor was all my joy

Chorus—*The life of a sailor was all my joy!*

My mother she wept, and she begged me to stay
Anchored for life to her apron-string,
And soon she would want me to help wi' the
hay,

So I bided her time, then I slitted away
On a night of delight in the following spring,

With a pair of stout shoon

And a scissoring tune

And a bundle and stick in the light of the moon,
Down the long road
To Portsmouth I strode,

To fight like a sailor for country and king

Chorus—*To fight like a sailor for country and
king*

And now that my feet are turned homeward again
My heart is still crying Ahoy! Ahoy!

And my thoughts are still out on the Spanish
main

A-chasing the frigates of France and Spain,
For at heart an old sailor is always a boy,

And his nose will still itch

For the powder and pitch

Till the days when he can't tell t'other from
which,

Nor a grin o' the guns from a glint o' the sea,
Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me

Chorus—*Nor a skipper like Nelson from
lubbers like me*

Ay ! Now that I'm old I'm as bold as the best,
And the life of a sailor is all my joy ,
Though I've swapped my leg
For a wooden peg
And my head is as bald as a new-laid egg,
The smell of the sea
Is like victuals to me ,
And I think in the grave I'll be crying Ahoy !
For, though my old carcass is ready to rest,
At heart an old sailor is always a boy

Chorus—*At heart an old sailor is always
a boy*

Alfred Noyes

OFF THE GROUND

THREE jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dancee the others would
Off the ground
Out of their coats
They slipped right soon ,
And neat and nice some
Put each his shoon
One—Two—Three !
And away they go ,
Not too fast ,
And not too slow ,
Out from the elm-tree's
Noonday shadow ,
Into the sun
And across the meadow
Past the schoolroom ,
With knees well bent ,
Fingers a-flicking ,
They dancing went
Up sides and over ,
And round and round ,
They crossed click-clacking
The Parish bound ,

By Tupman's meadow
They did their mile,
Tee-to-tum
On a three-barred stile
Then straight through Whipham,
Downhill to Week,
Footing it lightsome,
But not too quick,
Up fields to Watchet,
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,
Farms in the valley,
And sheep on the hills,
Old Man's Acre
And Dead Man's Pool
All left behind
As they danced through Wool
And Wool gone by,
Like tops that seem
To spin in sleep
They danced in dream
Withy—Wellover—
Wassop—Wo—
Like an old clock
Their heels did go
A league and a league
And a league they went,
And not one weary,
And not one spent,
And lo, and behold !
Past Willow-cum-Leigh
Stretched with its waters
The great green sea
Says Farmer Bates,
‘I puffs and I blows,
What's under the water,
Why, no man knows !’
Says Farmer Giles,
‘My mind comes weak,

And a good man drownded
Is far to seek '
But Farmer Turvey,
On twirling toes,
Ups with his gaiters,
And in he goes
Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day ,
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair
Bates and Giles
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey's
Floating hat
But never a ripple
Nor bubble told
Where he was supping
Off plates of gold
Never an echo
Rilled through the sea
Of the feasting and dancing
And minstrelsy
They called—called—called •
Came no reply
Nought but the ripples'
Sandy sigh
Then glum and silent
They sat instead,
Vacantly brooding
On home and bed,
Till both together
Stood up and said —
‘ Us knows not, dreams not,
Where you be,
Turvey, unless
In the deep blue sea ,
But axcusing silver—
And it comes most willing—

Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and her died,
All along, down along, out along lee,
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along lee
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along lee,
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along lee,
From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand !

A merry heart and true !

King James's men shall understand

What Cornish lads can do

And have they fixed the where and when ?

And shall Trelawney die ?

Then twenty thousand Cornish men

Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,

A merry wight was he

“ If London Tower were Michael's Hold,

We'll set Trelawney free !

“ We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,

The Severn is no stay,

With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,

And who shall bid us nay ?

“ And when we come to London Wall,

A pleasant sight to view,

Come forth ! come forth ! ye cowards all,

Here's men as good as you !

“ Trelawney he's in keep and hold,

Trelawney he may die ,

But twenty thousand Cornish bold

Will know the reason why ! ”

Robert Stephen Hawker

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

ATTEND you and give ear awhile,

And you shall understand,

Of a battle fought on the high seas

By a ship of brave command

That fight it was so famous

That all men's hearts did fill

And made them cry " To sea,
With the *Angel Gabriel* "

That lusty ship of Bristol
Sailed out right gallantly
Against the foes of England,
Her strength with them to try
" Would we with them might meet,
We fain would greet them well,
We would play a noble bout
With our *Angel Gabriel* "

They had no sooner spoken,
But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
Of doughty force and might,
With sternest resolution
They thought our men to quell,
And vowed to make a prize
Of our *Angel Gabriel*

Then first came up their Admiral
Themselves for to advance,
In her she bore full forty-eight
Pieces of ordinance
The next that then came near us
Was their Vice-Admiral,
Which shot most furiously down
On our *Angel Gabriel*

Our Captain to our Master said,
" Take courage, Master bold "
The Master to the seamen said,
" Stand fast, my hearts of gold "
The Gunner unto all the rest,
" Brave hearts, be valiant — well
Let us fight in the defence
Of our *Angel Gabriel* "

We gave them first a broadside
Which tore their mast asunder,

And shot the bow sprit from their ship,
Which made them Spaniards wonder.
And made them cry aloud
With one voice, like a bell,
"Help! help! or else we're sunk
By their *Angel Gabriel*!"

Yet desperately they boarded us
For all our valiant shot
Three score of their best fighting men
Upon our deck there got
But strught at their first entrance
Full thirty did we kill,
And thus we cleared the decks
Of our *Angel Gabriel*

And then their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our valiant Englishmen
Cried out, "A sig for Spun!"
Though seven times they boarded us,
We still received them well,
And made them feel the force
Of our *Angel Gabriel*

Seven hours this fight continued,
Till many men lay dead,
And with the streams of Spanish blood
The sea was coloured red
Five hundred of their sailors died
Without a funeral knell,
And many more were maimed
By the *Angel Gabriel*

Then, looking on these bloody spoils,
The rest made haste away
For why?—they saw it was no use
Much longer for to stay
So they sped away to Cadiz,
And there they still must dwell,
For they never again will dare to meet
Our *Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our English ship
But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
Will soon be well again
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God well
That thus hath blessed our Bristol men
And our *Angel Gabriel*

Old Ballad

ALL'S WELL

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, on fort, on tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round,
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way—
“Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell”
“A friend” “The Word” “Good night”,
“All's well”

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck
To guard the ship from foes or wreck,
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
“What cheer? Brother, quickly tell”
“Above” “Below” “Good night”, “All's
well”

Thomas Dibdin

HOMEWARD BOUND

HEAD the ship for England!
Shake out every sail!
Blithe leap the billows,
Merry sings the gale
Captain, work the reck'ning,
How many knots a day?

Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

We've traded with the Yankees,
Brazilians and Chinese,
We've laughed with dusky beauties
In shade of tall palm trees,
Across the Line and Gulf-stream—
Round by Table Bay—
Everywhere and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

Nightly stands the North Star
Higher on our bow,
Straight we run for England,
Our thoughts are in it now
Jolly time with friends ashore,
When we've drawn our pay !—
All about and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

Tom will to his parents,
Jack will to his dear,
Joe to wife and children,
Bob to pipes and beer,
Dicky to the dancing-room
To hear the fiddles play,—
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way !
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way !

William Allingham

FAME

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name

Sir Walter Scott

THE OLD NAVY

THE captain stood on the carronade "First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must
list to me,
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because
I'm bred to the sea,
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to
fight with we
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gain'd
the victory!"

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't
take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture
we,
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each
man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each
mother's son
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd
the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the French-
man had enough,
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were
of such stuff",
Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low
bow made to *he*,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite
I wish to be
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd
the victory!"

Our captain sent for all of us "My merry men,"
said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I
thankful be,
You've done your duty handsomely, each man
stood to his gun,
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd
have flogged each mother's son
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm
at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the
victory!"

Captain Marryat

ADMIRALS ALL

EFFINCHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight,
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack,

He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came,
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good
souls,"
And he stopped, and finished the game

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two
But he anchored them fast where the Texel
shoaled
And his colours aloft he flew
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still "

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And "I'm damned if I see it," he said

Admirals all, they said their say,
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill
But they left, as a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Sir Henry Newbolt

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low,

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago "

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)

Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe,

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago !

Sir Henry Newbolt

HAWKE

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,
When Hawke came swooping from the West,
The French King's Admiral with twenty of the line
Was sailing forth, to sack us, out of Brest
The ports of France were crowded, the quays of
France a-hum
With thirty thousand soldiers marching to the
drum,
For bragging time was over and fighting time was
come

When Hawke came swooping from the West

'Twas long past noon of a wild November day
When Hawke came swooping from the West,
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay,
But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast
Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight
Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,
But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's
glare for light

When Hawke came swooping from the West

The Frenchmen turned like a covey down the wind
When Hawke came swooping from the West,
One he sank with all hands, one he caught and
pinned,
And the shallows and the storm took the rest
The guns that should have conquered us they
rusted on the shore,
The men that would have mastered us they
drummed and marched no more,
For England was England, and a mighty brood
she bore

When Hawke came swooping from the West

Sir Henry Newbolt

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
As they polished every gun
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a swinging,
As they polished every gun

*Oh ' to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ' to hear the round-shot biting,
Teméraire ! Téméraire !
Oh ' to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round-shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Teméraire*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun
It was noontide ringing
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Teméraire*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done

There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire*

Sir Henry Newbolt

THE LAST BUCCANIER

OH England is a pleasant place for them that's rich
and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I,
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish
Main

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift
and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons
round about,
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair
and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them
loyally

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his
hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian
folk of old,
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard
as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them
to the bone

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that
shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold,
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast
did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the
trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to
the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never
touched the shore

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things
must be,
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put
down were we
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the
booms at night,
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the
fight

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing
she died,
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg
until I die

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't
tell where,
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse
off there
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again

Charles Kingsley

THE "BETSY JANE"

" How many ? " said our good captain
" Twenty sail and more "
We were homeward bound,
Scudding in a gale with our jib towards the Nore.
Right athwart our tack
The foe came thick and black,
Like storm-birds and foul weather—you might
count them by the score

The *Betsy Jane* did slack
To see the game in view ,
They knew the Union Jack,
And the tyrant's flag we knew !
Our Captain shouted, " Clear the decks ! " and the
bosun's whistle blew

Then our gallant captain,
With his hand he seized the wheel,
And pointed with his stump to the middle of the foe
" Hurrah, lads, in we go ! "
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft)
" There are twenty sail," sang he,
" But little *Betsy Jane* bobs to nothing on the
sea ! "
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft)

" See yon ugly craft
With the pennon at her main !
Hurrah, my merry boys,
There goes the *Betsy Jane* ! "
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft)

The foe, he beats to quarters, and the Russian
bugles sound,
And the little *Betsy Jane*, she leaps upon the sea
" Port and starboard ! " cried our captain ,
" Pay it in, my hearts ! " sang he ,

“ We're old England's sons,
And we'll fight for her to day ! ”
(You should hear the British cheer,
Fore and aft),
“ Fire away ! ”
In she runs,
And her guns
Thunder round

Sydney Dobell

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHR

“ So the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done ?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr wine—
I never shall drink but this one

“ And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door
He must take such a leap to night perforce
As horse never took before

“ I have lived by the saddle for years a score ,
And if I must die on tree—
The old saddle-tree which has borne me of yore
Is the properest timber for me

“ I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
I have drunk my share of wine ,
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Lived a merrier life than mine

“ So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly ”

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door ,

And he took such a pull of the red Ahr wine
As man never took before

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall,
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall

They found him next morning below in the glen,
And never a bone in him whole—
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul

Charles Kingsley

CRECY

At Crecy by Somme in Ponthieu,
High up on a windy hill,
A mill stands out like a tower,
King Edward stands on the mill
The plain is seething below,
As Vesuvius seethes with flame,
But O ! not with fire, but gore,
Earth incarnadined o'er,
Crimson with shame and with fame
To the King run the messengers crying,
" Thy son is hard pressed to the dying ! "
" Let alone , for to-day will be written in story
To the great world's end, and for ever
So, let the boy have the glory ! "

Erin and Gwalia there
With England are ranked against France ,
Outfacing the oriflamme red,
The red dragons of Merlin advance ,
As a harvest in autumn renewed,
The lances bend over the fields ,
Snow thick our arrow-heads white
Level the foe as they light
Knighthood to yeomanry yields

Proud heart, the King watches, as higher
Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher,
“ To day is a day will be written in story
To the great world’s end, and for ever !
Let the boy alone have the glory ! ”

Harold at Senlac on-Sea,
By Norman arrow laid low
When the shield wall was breach’d by the shaft,
Thou art avenged by the bow !
Chivalry ! name of romance !
Thou art henceforth but a name,
Weapon that none can withstand,
Yew in the Englishman’s hand,
Flight-shaft unerring in aim !
As a lightning-struck forest the foemen
Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen,
“ O to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world’s end, and for ever !
So, let the boy have the glory ! ”

Pride of Liguria’s shore,
Genoa wrestles in vain,
Vainly Bohemia’s King
King-like is laid with the slain
The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood
The shame of the centuries o’er,
Where the pride of the Norman had sway,
The lions lord over the fray
The legions of France are no more
The Prince to his father kneels lowly
His is the battle—his wholly !
“ For to-day is a day will be written in story
To the great world’s end, and for ever !
So, let him have the spurs and the glory ! ”

Francis Turner Palgrave

SIR HUGH AND THE SWANS

The wintry nights in Flanders
Lie thick about the grass,
We stole between the sentinels,
They never saw us pass

The mist was blue on field and fen,
And ridged the dykes with white,
The camp fires of the soldiers
Burned holes into the night

They could not see us through the mirk,
We saw them in the glow
A price was on our either head,
And stealthily did we go

We crept along the inner banks
Close to the waters grey—
We reached the castle at dawn, the castle
Where Max in prison lay

(We blew the golden trumpets all
For joy, a year agone
‘ Long live the king o’ the Romans ! ’
The people cried as one

Now for the king in prison,
There’s two will dare to die
There’s Hugh o’ the Rose, the Jester,
Sir Hugh o’ the Rose, and I)

We came upon the erstle moat
As the dawn was weak and grey,
“ There’s still an hour,” quoth Hugh o’ the Rose,
“ An hour till break of day

“ Give me the files, the muted files,
Give me the rope to sling,
I’ll set him to the prison window,
And bind them to the king

“ I’ll swim to the castle and back, Sir John,
Before the morn is light,

And we'll both lie hid in the rushes here
Till we take the boat to-night ”

We tied the files, we tied the rope,
In a little leather sack,
Sir Hugh struck off from the mirky bank,
The satchel on his back

I watched him cleave the wan water—
A bold swimmer was he
My heart beat high in my bosom,
For I thought the king was free

I watched him shoot the middle stream
And reach the other side—
“ Fling up the rope ! ” the king cried out,
That never should have cried

The sun uprist beyond the dyke ,
It was a deadly gleam
The startled swans that sleep i' the moat
Began to whirr and scream

Woe's me ! that saw them stretch their necks
And hiss, as traitors do ,
I saw them arch their evil wings
And strike and stun Sir Hugh

The king looked out o' the window bars,
And he was sad belike ,
But I could not see my lord the king
For the drowned face in the dyke

The sleepy warders woke and stirred,
“ The swans are mad in the moat ! ”
I lifted up Sir Hugh o' the Rose
And laid him in the boat

I made him a sark of rushes,
With stones at the feet and head .
In the deepest dyke of Flanders
Sir Hugh o' the Rose lies dead

Mary F. Robinson

ANDRE'S RIDE

WHEN André rode to Pont-du-lac
With all his raiders at his back,
Mon Dieu, the tumult in the town !
Scarce clanged the great portcullis down
Ere in the sunshine gleamed his spears
And up marched all his musketeers,
And far and fast in haste's array
Sped men to fight and priests to pray ,
In every street a barricade
Of aught that came to hand was made ,
From every house a man was told,
Nor quittance given to young or old ,
Should youth be spared, or age be slack,
When Andre rode to Pont-du-lac ?

When Andre rode to Pont-du-lac
With all his ravening reiver-pack,
The mid lake was a frozen road
Unbending to the cannon's load ,
No warmth the sun had as it shone ,
The kine were stalled, the birds were gone ,
Like wild things seemed the shapes of fur
With which was every street astir,
And over all the huddling crowd
The thick breath hung a solid cloud ,
Roof, road, and river—all were white ,
Men moved benumbed by day,—by night
The boldest durst not bivouac,
When Andre rode to Pont-du-lac

When André rode to Pont-du-lac
We scarce could stem his swift attack ,
A halt, a cheer, a bugle-call,—
Like wild cats they were up the wall ,
But still as each man won the town
We tossed him from the ramparts down ,
And when at last the stormers quailed
And back th' assailants shrank assailed,
Like wounded wasps, that still could sting,
Or tigers, that had missed their spring,

They would not fly, but turned at bay,
And fought out all the dying day
Sweet saints ! it was a crimson track
That Andre left by Pont-du-lac

When Andre rode to Pont-du-lac,
Said he, " A troop of girls could sack
This huckster town that hugs its hoard,
But fears to face a warrior's sword "
It makes my blood warm now to know
How soon Sir Cockerel ceased to crow,
And how 'twas my sure dagger-point
In Andre's harness found a joint,
For I, who now am old, was young,
And strong the thews were, now unstrung,
And deadly though our danger then,
I would those days were back again ,
Ah, would to God the days were back
When Andre rode to Pont du lac

Arthur H. Beesley

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPPANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ,
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ,
" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ,
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ,
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest ,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast

Not a word to each other , we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ,
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight ,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right ,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit ,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit .

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment
his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone,
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer,

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent

Robert Browning

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade!

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and
stayed,

For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were
riding by

When the points of the Russian lances arose in the
sky,

And he called, "Left wheel into line!" and they
wheeled and obeyed
Then he looked at the host that had halted he knew
not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trum-
peter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved
his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never
die
"Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Followed the Heavy Brigade

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might
of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gathered there on the
height,
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to
the right
And who shall escape if they close? but he dashed
up alone
Through the great grey slope of men,
Swayed his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then,
All in a moment followed with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had
made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
Brigade

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crashed like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!

And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muzzled Russian crowd
Folded its wings, from the left and the right,
And rolled them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark grey sea,
And we turned to each other, whispering, all
dismayed,
“Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett’s
Brigade”

“Lost one and all,” were the words
Muttered in our dismay,
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Through the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day,
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Staggered the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foemen surged, and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away

Glory to each and to all and the charge that they
made !

Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade !

Alfred Lord Tennyson

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
 Voice of the glens and hills ,
The droning of the torrents,
 The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
 And plaided mountaineer—
To the cottage and the castle
 The Scottish pipes are dear
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade ,
But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept ,
Round and round the jungle-serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept
“ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers !
Pray to-day ! ” the soldier said ,
“ To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread ”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hope became despair ,
And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear unto the ground
“ Dinna ye hear it ? Dinna ye hear it ?
The pipes o' Havelock sound ! ”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ,
 Hushed the wife her little ones ,
Alone they heard the drum-roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns

But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true,
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call,
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last,
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's
"God be praised! The march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain,
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer—

To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE HIGHWAYMAN

PART ONE

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the
gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy
seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple
moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-
door

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch
of lace at his chin,
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-
skin,
They fitted with never a wrinkle his boots were
up to the thigh !
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled
sky

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the
dark inn yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but
all was locked and barred,
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should
be waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black
hair

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable wicket
creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened, his face was white
and peaked,
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like
mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber
say—

“ One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize
to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the
morning light,
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through
the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
bar the way ”

He rose upright in the stirrups, he scarce could
reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His
face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling
over his breast,
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and
galloped away to the West

PART Two

He did not come in the dawning , he did not come
at noon ,
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the
moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the
purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
 Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old
inn-door

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his
ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to
the foot of her narrow bed ,
Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets
at their side !
There was death at every window,
 And hell at one dark window ,
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road
that he would ride

They had tied her up to attention, with many a
sniggering jest ,
They had bound a musket beside her, with the
barrel beneath her breast !
“ Now keep good watch ! ” and they kissed her
 She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight ,
 Watch for me by moonlight ,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should
bar the way !

She twisted her hands behind her , but all the
knots held good !
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with
sweat or blood !
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and
 the hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at
last was hers !

The tip of one finger touched it, she strove no
more for the rest !
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel
beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing, she would not
strive again,
For the road lay bare in the moonlight,
Blank and bare in the moonlight,
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight
throbbed to her love's refrain

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot ! Had they heard it ? The horse-
hoofs ringing clear,
Tlot-tlot tlot-tlot, in the distance ! Were they deaf
that they did not hear ?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of
the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding !
The red coats looked to their priming ! She stood
up, straight and still

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence ! *Tlot-tlot,* in the
echoing night !
Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a
light !
Her eyes grew wide for a moment, she drew one
last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned
him—with her death

He turned, he spurred to the westward, he did
not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er musket, drenched with
her own red blood !

Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched
to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and
died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse
 to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his
 rapier brandished high !
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon, wine-
red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the
 bunch of lace at his throat

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the
wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon
cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the
purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
 Riding—Riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door
Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark
 inn-yard,
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all
 is locked and barred.
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should
 be waiting there
But the landlord's black eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black
 hair*

Alfred Noyes

TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forest tigers hunt,
And in my pool great fishes flint
Their fins athwart the sun

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray,
And in the evenings lamps would shine
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp and flute and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds,
And ere should wane the morning star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And a bras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird delighting citron trees
In every purple vale!

Walter de la Mare

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
A merman bold
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne ?

II

I would be a merman bold ,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day ,
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power ,
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks ,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower ,
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea ,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly ,
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high ,
 Chasing each other merrily

III

There would be neither moon nor star ,
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
 Neither moon nor star
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells ,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
 All night, merrily, merrily ,
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells ,
Laughing and clapping their hands between ,
 All night, merrily, merrily ,
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine
Then leaping out upon them unseen

I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly,
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss beds under the sea,
We would live merrily, merrily

Alfred Lord Tennyson

SONG—THE OWL

When eats run home and light is come,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far off stream is dumb,
 And the whirling sun goes round,
And the whirling sun goes round,
 Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits

When merry milkmaids check the hitch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
 Twice or three his roundelay,
Twice or three his roundelay,
 Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits

Alfred Lord Tennyson

OF TREES

Winter Willow is ruddy red,
Pollarded in the withy-bed,
Summer Willow is green and grey,
Bending white on a windy day

Autumn Beech is a stately creature,
Well she made her pact with Nature,
While she casts her russet gown,
She wears her new buds, sharp and brown

THE CAGED SKYLARK

THE skylark sang from its cage in the town,
Of fallow and upland, the scene of its birth
Shadows of clouds on the rolling Down,
The flower-filled floor of the fragrant Earth
Slanting silver of sun-lit rain,
And the long, low line of the open plain

Hearts city-pent in a waking dream
Turned to remembrance of wind-stirred trees,
Sheep-bells, wattled, beside the stream,
And the huffle and push of a clover breeze
Turned, and beholding the crowded street,
Longed for the wideness of whispering wheat

Pamela Tennant

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see no enemy
But Winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see no enemy
But Winter and rough weather

William Shakespeare

WEATHERS

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I,
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at "The Travellers"
Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I,

When beeches drip on browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply,
And hill-lid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,

And so do I

Thomas Hardy

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter,
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter
We made an expedition,
We met a host and quelled it,
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them

They struggled hard to beat us
But we conquered them, and slew them

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us
He fled to his hall-pillars,
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us,
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus

Thomas Love Peacock

SUMMER

WINTER is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weather-cock
Blown every way
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree ,

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact business
And gnats fly in a host,
And fury caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive

Before green apples blush
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town ,
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere

Christina Rossetti

FOLDING THE FLOCKS

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom,
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Ev'ry one of his loved flock,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb, or kid away,
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks
To secure yourself from these
Be not too secure in ease,
Let one eye his watches keep
While the other eye doth sleep,
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love
Now good-night! may sweetest slumber
And soft silence fall in number
On your eye-lids so, farewell,
Thus I end my evening knell

John Fletcher

IN THE TRAIN

As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track

Oh the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly
Companions of our flight

We will rush ever on without fear,
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet !

James Thomson

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring ,

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red !

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning ,

Here, Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won,
Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead

Walt Whitman

THE PLOUGH

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue

The air is cold above the woods ,
All silent is the earth and sky,
Except with his own lonely moods,
The blackbird holds a colloquy

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow ,
And now ascends the nostril-stream
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind,
Your labour is for future hours
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your
powers !

Richard Henry Horne

DREAM-PEDLARY

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

Of Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey,
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding.
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make

The water with their echoes quire,
Like the great thunder sounding
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens, taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make ev'ry echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery

Thomas Campion

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold —

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
" What writest thou ? " — The vision raised its
head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, " The names of those who love the
Lord "
" And is mine one ? " said Abou " Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, " I pray thee then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men "

The Angel wrote and vanished The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
bless'd,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ,
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ,
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ,
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master

Fast they come, fast they come ,
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the on - t

Sir Walter Scott

SONG OF THE SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
As in the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the ice

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a sailor cry,
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud,
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea

Allan Cunningham

THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head
Beneath the driving rain,
The North wind powders me with snow
And blows me black again,
At midnight under a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff
As mail at morning-prime
But when that child, called Spring, and all
His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
These acres of my home,
Some rapture in my rags awakes,
I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes
Of my strange master, Man
I watch him striding lank behind
His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
Where once lay sterile snow,
Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sun-begotten grain,
Which my unslinching watch hath sealed
For harvest once again

Walter de la Mare

TRWKSURY ROAD

It is good to be out on the road, and going one
I no ^{or} not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not
whether nor why,
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the
keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue
lift of the sky,

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall
green fern at the brink
When the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the
foxgloves purple and white,
When the shy eyed delicate deer troop down to
the pool to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming
on of the night

O, to feel the warmth of the sun, and the homely
smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power
of words,
And the blessed green comely meadows seem all
a ripple with mirth
At the lilt of the shifting feet and the dear wild
cry of the birds

John Masefield

A CINQUE PORT

BELOW the down the stranded town
What may betide forlornly waits,
With memories of smoky skies,
When Gallic navies crossed the straits ,
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,
And cannon thundered through the night

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide
Bore to the harbour barque and sloop ,
Across the bar the ship of war,
In castled stern and lantered poop,
Came up with conquests on her lee,
The stately mistress of the sea

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
The simple sheep are feeding now ,
And near and far across the bar
The ploughman whistles at the plough ,
Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar

Below the down the stranded town
Hears far away the rollers beat ,
About the wall the seabirds call ,
The salt wind murmurs through the street ,
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride
Awaits the end that shall betide

John Davidson

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

Right on out flung the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled round in dark repose
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock,
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them
I issued
The spout of that shock

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour before the rush of steel,
Dashed away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel

Confusion spread, for though the court seemed
near
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink
The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink

"Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet you see the bark devours"
The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek,
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again,
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men

What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild
grave,
Waiting their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark,
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower and Park,
This feel we none the less —

That those whom God's high grace there saved from
ill,
Those also, left His martyrs in the bay,
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle

PATRIOTISM

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breaths, go mark him well,
For him no Murther'd rapture swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth is, wish e in eum,
Despite those titles power and pelf
The wretched, concentrated all in self,
Laving, shall forfeit fair renown
And, doubly dyin', shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unapt, unhonour'd and unung

Sir Walter Scott

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wi' his blst !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Then fancy's feet have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bles's the turf that wraps their ely
And I freedom shall awhile repur
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

William Collins

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girl with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will ,

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent ,

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute ,

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet wait me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South

Alfred Lord Tennyson

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,

Match the master work you've done,
England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England —
"Take and break us we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky
Death is death, but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars in your bugles blown ! "

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own ?
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

William Ernest Henley

THE SCHOOL AT WAR

All might by sore the brink of death
In fitful sleep the weary lay,
For through the dream that filled their breath
Too gaudily glared the coming day

But we, within y lose blood there lay
The fulness of a life as wide
As Avon's water where he sweeps
Sea-ward at last with Severn's tide,

We heard beyond the desert night
The murmur of the field we knew,
And our swift souls with one delight
Like horning swallows Northward flew

We played again the immortal games,
And grappled with the fierce old friends,
And checked the dead uadying names,
And sang the song that never ends,

Till, when the bard, familiar bell
Told that the summer night was late,
Where long ago we said farewell,
We said farewell by the old gate

"O Captain, unforget, " they cried
"Come you again or come no more,
Across the world you keep the pride,
Across the world we mark the score "

Sir Henry Newbolt

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nomis, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North
west died away,
Sunset ran, one glorious blood red, reeling into
Cadiz Bay,
Blush mid the burning water, full in face Trisulgar
Bay,
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned
Gibraltar grand and gray,
"Here and here did England help me how can
I help England?" —say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa
Robert Browning

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

I

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree hole are in tiny leaf
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

II

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush, he sings each song twice
over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay, when noon tide wakes anew
The buttercup's the little children's dower.

Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

Robert Browning

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,

As his corse to the rampart we hurried,

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot

O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night,

The sod with our bayonets turning,

By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,

And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,

Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,

With his martial cloak around him

Low and short were the prayers we said,

And we spoke not a word of sorrow,

But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,

And smooth'd down his narrow pillow,

That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his

head,

And we sat away on the bellow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on

In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done

When the clock struck the hour for retiring,

And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !

Charles Wolfe

THE OCEAN

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore, upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee, the vile strength he
wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth —there let him lay

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sub-
lime—

The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made, each zone
Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone

George Gordon, Lord Byron

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety

William Wordsworth

TO AILSA ROCK

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid !
Give answer by thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams !
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams ?
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid ?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams ?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverld
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep,
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep,
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
Another cannot wake thy giant size !

John Keats

A WINTRY PICTURE

Now where the bare sky spans the landscape bare,
Up long brown fallows creeps the slow brown team,
Scattering the seed-corn that must sleep and dream
Till by Spring's carillon awakened there
Ruffling the tangles of his thicket hair,
The stripling yokel steadies now the beam,
Now strides erect with cheeks that glow and gleam,
And whistles shrewdly to the spacious air
Lured onward to the distance dim and blear,
The road crawls weary of the travelled miles
The kine stand cowering in unmoving files,
The shrewmouse rustles through the bracken sere,
And, in the sculptured woodland's leafless aisles,
The robin chants the vespers of the year

Alfred Austin

AUTUMN

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying,

And the year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves
dead,

Is lying

Come, months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array,

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is
crawling,

The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the year,

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
gone

To his dwelling

Come, months, come away ,
Put on white, black, and grey ,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear

Percy Bysshe Shelley

EGYPT'S MIGHT IS TUMBLED DOWN

EGYPT's might is tumbled down
Down a down the deeps of thought ,
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice' pride is nought

But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
These remain

Mary Coleridge

THE BUGLE SONG

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory,
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle , answer, echoes, dying, dying

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying
Blow, bugle , answer, echoes, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

Alfred Lord Tennyson

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

FAR from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying ?

Here are no fish to dive for ,
Here is the corn and lea ,
Here are the green trees rustling,
Hie away home to sea !

Fresh is the river water
And quiet among the rushes ,
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rooks and thrushes

Pity the bird that has wandered !
Pity the sailor ashore !
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more !

High on the sea-cliff ledges
The white gulls are trooping and crying ;
Here among rooks and roses
Why is the seagull flying ?

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire,
And all those ships were certainly so old—
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold

But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day,
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows? who knows?—but in that
same
(Fished up beyond Aeaea, latched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again

James Elroy Flecker

MIDNIGHT

MIDNIGHT was come, when every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did
rest,

The beasts were still, the little birds that sing
Now sweetly slept, beside their mother's breast,
The old and all were shrouded in their nest

The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, and fields, and all things held
their peace

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing, nestled in his resting-place,
Forgat day's pain with pleasure of the night
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partridge dreamed not of the falcon's
foot

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
Nor how cruel mastives do him tear,
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear
All things were still, in desert, bush, and brere ¹
With quiet heart, now from their travails ceased,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst

UNCONQUERED

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud

¹ Briar, wildwood

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

William Ernest Henley

THE TWO RIVERS

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to
sight,
I do not care to follow in thy flight
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom drift !

O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift !

I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unsrequent, unfamiliar fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song,
Still follow, follow, sure to meet the sun,
And confident, that what the future yields
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

ODE

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by broken trackless ways,
And sitting by deolate streams,
World by world and world forsoakers,
On whom the pale moon leans :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever it seems

With wonderful dithy-^{er}-dithies
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We find an empire's plot
One man with a crown, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's in store
Can trample an empire down

We, in the ages living
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Balbileth in our mirth,
And overthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth,
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or else that is coming to birth

Arthur O'Sullivan

Shall I meet other ways at night?
There who have pass'd before
Then must I keep, or call when you com' in sight?
It will not keep you straying at that door

Shall I find comfort, travel on and seek?
Of labour you shall find the sum
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who com'

Christina Rossetti

THE FLOWERS

With Love aye in his heart and died
To make the world to prefer his joy,
"What can she give me now?" said Greed,
Who thought to win some earthly toy

He rose, he ran, he stooped, he clutched,
And soon the flowers, that Love let fall,
In Greed's hot sun were strayed and snatched,
And Greed said, "Flowers! Can this be all?"

He flung them down and went his way,
He cared no jot for thyme or rose,
But boy and girls came out to play,
And some took the one and some took these,

Red, blue, and white, and green and gold;
And at their touch the day returned,
And all the bloom a thousand fold—
So red, so ripe, the roses burned!

William Brightly Rand

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILYETH

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When day light comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Arthur Hugh Clough

SILENCE

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound,
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyaena calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan—
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone

Thomas Hood

INTEGER VITAE

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity ,

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent ,

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage

Thomas Campion

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land*

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land*

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land*

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land*

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like
water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land*

Anon

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

- EARTH has not anything to show more fair
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning , silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ,
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ,
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ,
And all that mighty heart is lying still

William Wordsworth

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued ,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath Yet much
remains

To conquer still , Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War , new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw

John Milton

THE ORDER OF VALOUR

(1856)

Thus saith the Queen ! " For him who gave
His blood as water in the fight,—
So he from Russian wrong might save
My crown, my people and my right,—
Let there be made a cross of bronze
And grave thereon my queenly crest,
Write VALOUR on its haughty scroll
And hang it on his breast "

Thus saith the Land ! " He who shall bear
Victoria's cross upon his breast,
In token that he did not fear
To die—had need been—for her rest,
For the dear sake of her who gives,
And the high deeds of him who wears,
Shall, high or low, all honour have
From all, through all his years "

Sir Edwin Arnold

YOUNG AND OLD

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swin, lad,
And every lass a queen,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young

152 *Charles Kingsley*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' TILAT

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ,
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear odden grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knives their wine ,
A man's a man for a' that
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' thit,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that

Robert Burns

MINE AND THINE

Two words about the world we see,
And nought but Mine and Thine they be
Ah ! might we drive them forth and wide
With us should rest and peace abide ,
All free, nought owned of goods and gear,
By men and women though it were
Common to all all wheat and wine
Over the seas and up the Rhine
No manslayer then the wide world o'er
When Mine and Thine are known no more
Yea, God, well counselled for our health,
Gave all this fleeting earthly wealth
A common heritage to all,
That men might feed them therewithal,
And clothe their limbs and shoe their feet
And live a simple life and sweet
But now so rageth greediness
That each desireth nothing less
Than all the world and all his own ,
And all for him and him alone

William Morris

TO NATURE

It may indeed be phantasy when I
Essay to draw from all created things
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings ,
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie
Lessons of love and earnest piety
So let it be , and if the wide world rings
In mock of this belief, to me it brings
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity
So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only God ! and Thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
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OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed,
And on the pedestal these words appear

" My name is Ozymandias, King of kings
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away

Percy Bysshe Shelley

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINI eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword,

His truth is marching on

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred
circling camps,

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps,

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps,

His day is marching on

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel

" As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal,

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on"

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
Judgment-seat,
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !
Our God is marching on

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on

Julia Ward Howe

BEAT ! BEAT ! DRUMS !

BEAT ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Through the windows—through doors—burst like
a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congrega-
tion,
Into the school where the scholar is studying,
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness
must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his
field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so
shrill you bugles blow

Beat ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels
in the streets ,

Are bold, present for service, at night in the
fire, and for victory, and for rest,
No battle is too great, no danger too great,
no victory too great, no rest.
We'll follow the banner, the light we see
after, rest, & joy.
We'll follow where we're sent, & rest, & joy
after, rest, & joy.
We'll follow you, Jesus, & rest, & joy
after, rest, & joy.

It is best I should be with the Lamb, and
make a place out of the camp of salvation
He that abides, I am he, & I am his property,
He is with the Lamb, & I am with him,
I am with the Lamb, & I am with him,
I am with the Lamb, & I am with him.
Make not other the way, but that which the Lamb
has made, & I will go,
Sister, go & help others, & I will come to you,
& I will help you.

Be still, & know.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Lead us to a happy spot, to to live
Our love and to find the way to be,
Where we are grown up to be very wise,
As men and women with our sons.

Ever in Heaven where we'll be,
Oh help my children when they're ill,
That they may build from me a tower
An undevil'd home.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With sober hearts and careful truth,
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ,
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd

Teach us the Strength th it cannot seek,
By deed or thought to hurt the weak ,
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that h is no bitter springs
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ,
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart and hand through the years
to be !

Rudyard Kipling

THE END OF DAYS

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust

Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust,

Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days,
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Sir Walter Raleigh



PART III.

THE COTTAGER TO HIS INFANT

The lark is up in the clear air,
The North wind is cold and bare,
The birds are up in the trees,
All merry, this is a summer's day,
Save thee, my pretty baby!

The lark is up in the clear air,
The swallows have left their nests;
The swallows have left the house,
Save thee, my pretty baby, now,
Tell why so busy art thou?
Nay, I tell not but at the first long light;
To bid the lark that she goes no brighter
On the wind or pane,
Perchanted with care,
Thou little darlin' sleep a morn,
And with a bairn a day.

Down the Wind or Pane

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, sleep, be my bright,
Drowsiness is the joy of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrow sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy sleep
Soft down I can trace,

Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast,
Where thy little heart doth rest

O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep !
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful night shall break

William Blake

THE LAND OF DREAMS

AWAKE, awake, my little Boy !
Thou wast thy Mother's only joy
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep ?
Awake ! thy Father does thee keep

“ O, what land is the Land of Dreams ?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams ?
O Father ! I saw my Mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair

“ Among the lambs clothed in white,
She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight
I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn ,
O ! when shall I again return ? ”

Dear Child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wandered all night in the Land of Dreams,
But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side

“ Father, O Father ! what do we here,
In this Land of unbelief and fear ?
The Land of Dreams is better far
Above the light of the Morning Star ”

William Blake

AN AWAKENING SONG

SISTER, awake ! close not your eyes !
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses

See, the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping
Lo ! how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping

Therefore, awake ! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-maying

Anon

THE MAKER OF CRADLES

He makes little cradles of fine lacquered wood,
He paints them with dragons and stars and birds,
They are carven and coloured and lined with silk,
And he weaves a charm for them to woven words

(“ Where shall I rest your little tired head ?
Son of my heart, lie still ” she said)

He makes little cradles of beaten bronze ,
As light as a leaf is the fretted screen ,
The pillow is scented with jasmine flowers ,
The silken blanket is fit for a queen

(“ Where shall I rest your little tired head ?
Son of my heart, lie still ” she said)

He makes little cradles of silver and gold ,
Turquoise and ivory gem the hood
They swing from a peacock's outspread tail ,
And the rockers are carved of sandal-wood

(“ Where shall I rest your little tired head ?
Son of my heart, lie still ” she said)

The gipsy mother goes humbly by,
The babe in her arms lies warm and still,
Oh, Maker of Cradles, you cannot weave
A lovelier cradle, for all your skill

(“ Where shall I rest your little tired head ?
Son of my heart, lie still ” she said)

Thora Stowell

THE WILD FLOWER GARDEN

ALL about the countryside
God's garden grows,—
Ragged robin, buttercup
And sweet dog-rose,
Daisy, pansy, meadow-sweet,
Orchis and violet blue
All about the countryside
They blow for me and you

There's primrose and daffodil,
Bluebell and thyme,
Silver catkins, hawthorn,
Blossom of the lime,
Heather on the moorland,
Blue holly by the sea,
All in God's garden,
Grow for you and me —

Thora Stowell

ENGLAND

O lovely day—and lovelier night—
In England now, when apple trees
Are garlanded with pink and white
And gay with singing chaffinches ,

When tits like fairy jewels gem
The coppice where the blackbirds call,
And bluebells weave a diadem
For England—loveliest land of all

Lilian Holmes

A JUNE BIRTHDAY

THERE'S the lark, my dear, and the blackbird, and
all the beautiful throng,
Madder and merrier now than ever they've been
the whole year yet,
Fiddle and fife and reedy flute in their shrill,
ecstatic song,
For it's June, my dear, and your birthday, and
Summer cannot forget

The sun has been over the tree-tops this long, long
hour and more,
And the wind's like a morris-dancer, stepping out
to the blackbird's flute,
And little, whispering leaf-shadows creep in to
dance on your floor—
Oh, lean from your window and listen to us, for
never a singer is mute !

Thora Stowell

THE ROVER'S ADIEU

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me ye knew,
My Love !
No more of me ye knew

“ This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ,
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again ”
—He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,

He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
Said, " Adieu for evermore,
My Love !
And adieu for evermore ! "

Sir Walter Scott

THE FISHER'S WIDOW

The boats go out and the boats come in
Under the wintry sky ,
And the rain and foam are white in the wind,
And the white gulls cry

She sees the sea, when the wind is wild,
Swept by the windy rain ,
And her heart's a-weary of sea and land
As the long days wane

She sees the torn sails fly in the foam,
Broad on the sky-line grey ,
And the boats go out and the boats come in,
But there's one away

Arthur Symons

LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

Lawn as white as driven snow ,
Cypress black as e'er was crow ,
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ,
Masks for faces and for noses ,
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ,
Golden quoifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears ,
Pins and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel
Come buy of me, come , come buy, come buy ,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry
Come buy

William Shakespeare

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

HARK, hark, the Lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus¹ 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those Springs
On chaliced flowers that lies
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes
With every thing that pretty bin,
My Lady sweet, arise
Arise, arise !

William Shakespeare

THE FAIRY'S SONG

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moones sphere ,
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours

William Shakespeare

SONG

WHO is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love² doth to her eyes repair,

¹ The Sun In ancient fable the god Phoebus drove the Sun round the sky in his chariot

² Referring to the fable that Cupid, the god of love, was blind

To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhibits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is exceeding,
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us garlands bring

William Shakespeare

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

(Ariel singing)

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist¹
Foot it seatly here, and there,
And, sweet sprights, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark, bow wow
The watch-dogs bark, bow wow
Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cockadiddle-dow

William Shakespeare

RUTH

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd,—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn

¹ To silence

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim,
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks —

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home

Thomas Hood

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent !

Lord Byron

REEDS OF INNOCENCE

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me
 “ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
 So I piped with merry cheer
“ Piper, pipe that song again , ”
 So I piped he wept to hear
“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe , ,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer ”
So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear
“ Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read ”
So he vanish'd from my sight,
 And I pluck'd a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
 And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear

William Blake

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse
Sidney's¹ sister, Pembroke's mother
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee

William Browne

¹ Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

LETTY'S GLOBE

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and
know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land
She pitted all the world, old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers, her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd
And laugh'd and prattled in her world wide bliss !
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she roused a joyous cry—
"Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there ! "
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair

Charles Tennyson Turner

SEVFN TIMES ONE

THEFRI 's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven

I am old, so old, I can write a letter,
My birthday lessons are done,
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one

O Moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low,
You were bright ! ah bright ! but your light is
failing—
You are nothing now but a bow

You Moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven
That God has hidden your face ?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place

O velvet Bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold !
O brave Marsh Marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold !

O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !
O Cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,
I will not steal them away,
I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day

Jean Ingelow

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme, o' the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling.
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin¹ ye be Barbara Allan "

O hooly, hooly,² rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,—
"Young man, I think you're dying "

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan"—
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were spilling

"O dinna ye mind,³ young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,

¹if ²slowly, softly ³remember

How we made the healths gie round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing
" Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan "

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead bell knelling,
And every jow' that the dead-bell gied,
It cried, *Woe to Barbara Allan!*

" O mother, mother, make my bed !
O make it soft and narrow !
Since my love died for me to day,
I'll die for him to morrow "

BALLAD OF EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea ,
She looked across the water,
And long and loud laughed she
" The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat !
Who comes a-wooin' me ? "

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walk'd along the sand ,
When she was aware of a knight so fair
Came sailing to the land
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And " Hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat !
Who sailth here so bold ? "

" The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea ,

I clipt their golden tresses,
To fringc a clok for thee
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale,
So hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat !
Furl up thy velvet sail ! ”

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold,
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He clipt her locks of gold
“ Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to day
Now hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat !
Sail westward ho away ! ”

Charles Kingsley

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

“ Will weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride
And ye shall be his bride, ladie,
Sic comely to be seen ”—
But aye she loot¹ the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean

“ Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry thit cheek so pale ,
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale ,
His step is first in peaceful ha',²
His sword in battle keen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean

“ A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,

¹ let

² hall

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair,
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But nye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean

The Kirk¹ was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom w^t ut the bride,
And dame and knight are there
They sought her baith² by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen³
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean

Sir Walter Scott

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I *The Sailing*

The King sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the bluid red wine,
"O whare will I get a skely⁴ skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spale an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea!"

Our king has written a braid⁵ letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the saem⁶,
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou maun⁷ bring her hame!"

¹ church

² broad

³ both

⁴ foam

⁵ skelful

⁶ must

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laugh'd he,
The neist¹ word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e²

" O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o' me
To send us out, at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea ?

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem,
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame",

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may,
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday

II *The Return*

" MAK ready, mak ready, my merry men a' !
Our guude ship sails the morn '
" Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm

" I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ,
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm "

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly³ grew the sea

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm
The waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn

¹ next

² eye

³ raging

“ Go fetch a web o’ the silken claih,
Another o’ the twine,
And wap them into our ship’s side,
And let na the sea come in ”

They fetch’d a web o’ the silken claih,
Another o’ the twine,
And they wrapp’d them round that gude ship’s
side,
But still the sea came in

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel’d shoon ,
But lang or a’ the play was play’d
They wat their hats aboon

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter’d on the faem ,
And mony was the gude lord’s son
That never mair cam hame

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi’ their gowd kames¹ in their hair
A-waiting for their ain dear loves !
For them they’ll see nae mair

O forty miles off Aberdeen
’Tis fifty fathom deep ,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet !

¹ gold combs

KATE BARLASS

I, CATHERINE, am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear,
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year

This old arm's withered now 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all,
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair,
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing bed,
And the bar to a king's chambere

Ay, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February
And 'gainst the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands,
And muttered the driving rain

And now there came a torchlight glare,
And a clang of arms there came
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe, Sir Robert Graeme

Yea, from the land of the wild Scots,
O'er mountain, vale and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armed men

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a king did he stand,
But there was no armour in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand

And all we women flew to the door,
And thought to have made it fast,
But the bolts were gone, and the bars were gone,
And the locks were riven and brast

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell,
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
" Our bliss was our farewell "

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast,
And proudly in royal hardihood,
Even so with folded arms he stood,
The prize of the bloody quest

Then on me leapt the Queen like a deer,
" O Catherine, help ! " she cried,
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side
" Oh ! even a king for his people's sake
From treasonous death must hide ! "

" For her sake most ! " I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring
And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook
I snatched and held to the King
" Wrench up this plank, and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harbouring "

With brows low bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take,
And the plank at his feet he wrench'd and tore,
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, " For her sake ! "

Then he cried to the Queen, " God's will be
done ! "
For her hands were clasped in prayer
And down he sprang to the inner crypt,
And straight we closed the plank he had ripp'd,
And toiled to smooth it fair

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door !
And I to this will suffice ! "

At her word I rose, all dazed, to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice

And louder ever the voices grew,
And the tramp of men in mail ,
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed in a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale

Then back I flew to the rest , and hard
We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door ,
But we might not compass it

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
To the place of the heartstone sill ,
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
For the plank was rising still

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And " God ! what help ? " was our cry
And was I frenzied, or was I bold ?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
And no bar but my own had I !

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass
Alack ! it was flesh and bone—no more !
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door ;
But I fell back, Kate Barlass

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken ,
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men

Behind the door I had fallen and lay,
Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm,
I never fainted there

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit,
And lo ! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it

And under the litters and through the bed,
And within the presses all,
The traitors sought for the King, and pierc'd
The arras round the wall

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,
For behold ! no King was there

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three,
"Pull, if ye never pulled before,
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells !
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby' !"

Men say it was a stolen tide—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all,
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall

I sat and spun within the door,
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes !
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death,

She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song,
“Cusha ! Cusha !” all along,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song

“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
“For the dews will soon be falling,
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow,
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head,
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed”

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
The steeple towered from out the green,
And lo ! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide

The swanherds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife, Elizabeth
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
“The Brides of Mavis Enderby”

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie
And where the lordly steeple shows
They said, " And why should this thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby ! "

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down ,
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town ,
But while the west is red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring ' The Brides of Enderby ' ? "

I looked without, and lo ! my son
Came riding down with might and main
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
" Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! "
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth)

" The old sea-wall " (he cried) " is down,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
Go sailing up the market-place "
He shook as one that looks on death
" God save you, Mother ! " straight he saith ;
" Where is my wife Elizabeth ? "

" Good son, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells began to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song "
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, " Ho, Enderby ! "
They rang " The Brides of Enderby ! "

With that he cried and beat his breast ,
For lo ! along the river s bed

A mighty eygre¹ reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amain ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten form flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out

So far, so fast the eygre drove,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet ,
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea

Upon the roof we sat that night ,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ,
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ,
And awsome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang “ Enderby ”

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roof to roof who fearless rowed ,
And I—my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed
And yet he moaned beneath his breath ,
“ O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love Elizabeth ”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear !
The waters laid thee at his door
Ere yet the early dawn was clear ,

¹ tidal wave

Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling place

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass ;
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea ,
A fatal ebb and flow, alas !

To many more than mine and me .
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling ,
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth ,
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Sliver, quiver ,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore ,
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ,
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ,
Come up, Whitefoot , come up, Lightfoot ;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ,
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head ,
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed "

Jean Ingelow

GOODWIN SANDS

DID you ever read or hear
How the *Aid*—(God bless the *Aid*!
More earnest prayer than that was never prayed)
How the lifeboat, *Aid* of Ramsgate, saved the
London Fusilier?

With a hundred souls on board,
With a hundred and a score,
She was fast on Goodwin Sands
(May the Lord
Have pity on all hands—
Crew and captain—when a ship's on Goodwin
Sands !)
In the smother and the roar
Of a very hell of waters—hard and fast—
She shook beneath the stroke
Of each billow as it broke,
And the clouds of spray were mingled with the
clouds of swirling smoke
As the blazing barrels bellowed in the blast !
And the women and the little ones were frozen
dumb with fear,
And the strong men waited grimly for the last,
When—as the clocks were striking two in Ramsgate
town—
The little *Aid* came down,
The *Aid*, the plucky *Aid*—
The *Aid* flew down the gale
With the glimmer of the moon upon her sail,
And the people thronged to leeward, stared and
prayed—
Prayed and stared with tearless eye and breathless
lip,
While the little boat drew near
Ay, and then there rose a shout—
A clamour, half a sob and half a cheer—
As the boatmen flung the lifeboat anchor out,
And the gallant *Aid* sheered in beneath the ship,
Beneath the shadow of the *London Fusilier* !

" We can carry maybe thirty at a trip "

(Hurrah for Ramsgate town !)

" Quick, the women and the children ! "

O'er the side —

Two sailors, slung in bowlines, hung to help the women down—

Poor women, shrinking back in their dismay
As they saw their ark of refuge, smothered up in spray,

Ranging wildly this and that way in the racing of the tide,

As they watched it rise and drop, with its crew of stalwart men,

When a huge sea swung it upward to the bulwarks of the ship,

And, sweeping by in thunder, sent it plunging down again

Still they shipped them—nine-and-twenty (God be blessed !)

When a man with glaring eyes

Rushed up frantic to the gangway and with a cry choked in his throat—

Thrust a bundle in a sailor's ready hands

Honest Jack, *he* understands—

Why, a blanket for a woman in the boat !

" Catch it, Bill ! "

And he flung it with a will,

And the boatman turned and caught it, bless him ! caught it, tho' it slipped,

And, even as he caught it, heard an infant's cries, While a woman shrieked and snatched it to her breast—

" My baby ! "

So the thirtieth passenger was shipped !

Twice, and thrice, and yet again

Flew the lifeboat down the gale

With the moonlight on her sail—

With the sunrise on her sail—

(“God bless the lifeboat *Aid* and all her men ! ”)
Brought her thirty at a trip
Thro’ the hell of Goodwin waters as they raged
 around the ship,
Saved each soul aboard the *London Fusilier* !

If you live to be a hundred, you will ne’er—
You will ne’er in all your life,
Until you die, my dear,
Be nearer to your death by land or sea !

Was *she* there ?
Who ?—my wife ?
Why, the baby in the blanket—that was she !

William Canton

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee¹ marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

¹ Robert Lee, the great general of the Southern forces in the American Civil War

Flapped in the morning wind The sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten ,

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ,

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson¹ riding ahead

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced , the old flag met his sight

“ Halt ! ”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
“ Fire ! ”—out blazed the rifle blast

It shivered the window, pane and sash ,
It rent the banner with seam and gash

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ,

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will

“ Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag , ” she said

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ,

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman’s deed and word

“ Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said

¹ Thomas Jackson, another Southern general, nicknamed Stonewall because of his stubborn defensive methods

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare

I trow they did not part in scorn
Lovers long betroth'd were they
They two will wed the morrow morn
God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ,
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, “ Who was this that went from thee ? ”
“ It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,
“ To-morrow he weds with me ”

“ O God be thank'd ! ” said Alice the nurse,
“ That all comes round so just and fair
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare ”

“ Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,”
Said Lady Clare, “ that ye speak so wild ? ”
“ As God's above,” said Alice the nurse,
“ I speak the truth you are my child

“ The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead ”

“ Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “ if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due ”

“ Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“ But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife ”

“ If I’m a beggar born,” she said
“ I will speak out, for I dare not lie
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by ”

“ Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“ But keep the secret all ye can ”
She said, “ Not so but I will know
If there be any faith in man ”

“ Nay now, what faith ? ” said Alice the nurse,
“ The man will cleave unto his right ”
“ And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“ Tho’ I should die to night ”

“ Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas ! my child, I sinn’d for thee ”
“ O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“ So strange it seems to me ”

“ Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if thus be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go ”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand
And follow’d her all the way

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !

Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? ”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“ And not the Lady Clare ”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ For I am yours in word and in deed
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ Your riddle is hard to read ”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail
She look’d into Lord Ronald’s eyes,
And told him all her nurse’s tale

He laugh’d a laugh of merry scorn
He turn’d and kiss’d her where she stood
“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood—

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare ”

Alfred Lord Tennyson

THE SANDS O' DEE

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,—
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand
As far as eye could see.

The blinding mist came down and hid the land
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

Charles Kingsley

THE MOCKING FAIRY

"Won't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"
Quoth the Fairy, nidding, nodding in the garden,
"Can't you look out of your window, Mrs. Gill?"
Quoth the Fairy, laughing softly in the garden,
But the air was still, the cherry boughs were still,
And the ivy tot 'neath the empty sill,
And never from her window looked out Mrs. Gill
On the Fairy shrilly mocking in the garden

"What have they done with you, you poor Mrs Gill?"

Quoth the Fairy brightly glancing in the garden,
"Where have they hidden you, you poor Mrs Gill?"

Quoth the Fairy dancing lightly in the garden;
But night's faint veil now wrapped the hill,
Stark 'neath the stars stood the dead-still Mill,
And out of her cold cottage never answered Mrs Gill

The Fairy mumbling mumbling in the garden

Walter de la Mare

FAERY SONG

SHED no tear—O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year
Weep no more—O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core
Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear

Overhead—Look overhead
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up—I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough—
See me—'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill—
Shed no tear—O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, Adieu!

John Keats

TWILIGHT WIND

THREE's a wind here and a wind there, there's the
mad old wind from the sea,
The dancing breeze of the morning hours, and the
storm wind, fierce and shrill,
But there's nothing so sweet in all the world as the
wind that cries to me
When the sun is low and the tide is low and I
climb along our hill

Tis the twilight wind, the enchanted wind, and it
sings a magical rune,
And all the whisky people wake as it wenders up
and down,
Strumming its queer little shadowy fiddle beneath
the light of the moon,
In a mist of sunset and dusk and the chimney
smoke of the dreaming town

I climb along the dew-set lane, and I listen among
the trees,
And watch the wee little elfin folk lighting their
tiny fires,
The teeny weeny shoemaker men are working as
hard as you please,
And the darling fairy babies are swinging high in
the foxglove spires

The dancers dance in the fairy ring to the throb of
fiddle and fife,
While the magic song of the twilight wind beats
out the lilting tune,
The cobweb threads are gathered and spun by each
little brisk good wife,
While the crooked goblin ringers o' bells are playing
a fairy chime

Now don't you hearken to folk as say that the
night is darksome and chill,
Just you follow the cry of the wind up the flowery
lane,

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

I WILL make you a little house with a roof of thatch,
And a window as clear as crystal dew, and a door
With a knocker of pearl, and a silver dream for a
latch,
And a carpet of little blue feathers to lay on your
floor

And your bed shall be rocked by the music of wind
and of sea,
And your fire be lit by the daffodil light of Spring ,
And high on the shining wall of your house shall be
The Bird of Joy in an ivory cage to sing

Never a sorrow shall enter, and never pain,
Never the sorrowful cry of the wind shall fret
Or your heart be sad or your eyes be dim again
Sleep, O my Heart of Gold, sleep and forget

Thora Stouell

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, " O mists, make room for me "

It hailed the ships, and cried, " Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone "

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, " Awake ! it is the day "

It said unto the forest " Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out ! "

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, " O bird, awake and sing "

And o'er the farms, " O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow , the day is near "

It whispered to the fields of corn,
" Bow down, and hail the coming morn "

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
" Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour "

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, " Not yet ! in quiet lie "

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

RAGGED ROBINS

THE buttercups are bold as brass,
The daisies lift their silver shields,
And sorrel rings her rusty bells
Over the happy summer fields,
And down by the wild-rose hedge I see
Dear Ragged Robins waiting me

Fine ladies waxy-pink and white,
The roses lift their sweet, proud faces,
Milkmaids curtsey to the breeze
Down by the ditch's shady places ,
But Robin lifts his head to spy
If I at last am passing by

Thora Stowell

THE COMING OF SPRING

I AM coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf—
Till I come the time is brief

I am coming, I am coming
Hark ! the little bee is humming ,

See the lark is soaring high
 In the bright and sunny sky,
 And the gnats are on the wing—
 Little maiden, now is Spring

See the yellow catkins cover
 All the slender willows over,
 And on mossy banks so green
 Starlike primroses are seen,
 And their clustering leaves below
 White and purple violets grow

Hark ! the little lambs are bleating,
 And the cawing rooks are meeting
 In the elms, a noisy crowd,
 And all birds are singing loud,
 And the first white butterfly
 In the sun goes flitting by

Little maiden, look around thee,
 Green and flowery fields surround thee,
 Every little stream is bright,
 All the orchard trees are white,
 And each small and waving shoot
 Has for thee sweet flower or fruit

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven
 God, for thee, the spring hath given,
 Taught the birds their melodies,
 Clothed the earth and cleared the skies
 For thy pleasure or thy food
 Pour thy soul in gratitude,
 So mayst thou 'mid blessings dwell
 Little maiden, fare thee well

Mary Howitt

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie¹ to the angry airt,²
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee,
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield³ should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen,

Robert Burns

A RED, RED ROSE

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang⁴ dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run

¹ cloak

² quarter from which the wind blows

³ shelter

⁴ go

And fare thee weel, my only Lave,
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my Lave,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile

Robert Burns

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we to weeta woo !

The Palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear ave birds tune this merry lay
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we to weeta woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we to weeta woo !

Spring, the sweet Spring !

Thomas Nash

ANACREON'S ODE TO THE SWALLOW

Thou indeed, little Swallow,
A sweet yearly comer,
Art building a hollow
New nest every summer,
And straight dost depart
Where no gazing can follow,
Past Memphis,¹ down Nile !
Ah, but Love all the while
Builds his nest in my heart,

¹The ancient capital of Egypt, south of Cairo, near the Pyramids

Through the cold winter weeks .
And as one Love takes flight,
Comes another, O Swallow,
In an egg warm and white,
And another is callow !
And the large gaping beaks
Chirp all day and all night ,
And the Loves who are older
Help the young and the poor Loves,
And the young Loves grown bolder
Increase by the score Loves—
Why, what can be done ?
If a noise comes from one,
Can I bear all this rout of a hundred and
more Loves ?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

SPRING QUIET

GONE were but the Winter,
Come were but the Spring,
I would go to a covert
Where the birds sing ,

Where in the whitethorn
Singeth a thrush,
And a robin sings
In the holly-bush

Full of fresh scents
Are the budding boughs
Arching high over
A cool green house

Full of sweet scents,
And whispering air
Which sayeth softly
“ We spread no snare ,

“ Here dwell in safety,
Here dwell alone,

With a clear stream
And a mossy stone

“ Here the sun shineth
Most shadily,
Here is heard an echo
Of the far sea,
Though far off it be ”

Christina Rossetti

SPRING SONG

The sun doth arise
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring

The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ,
Whilst our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green

Old John, with white hair,
Doth laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say
“ Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green ”

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be cheery ,
The sun doth descend,
And our sports have an end
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,

Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest—
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green

William Blake

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon
As yet the early rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ,
And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ,
As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain ,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again

Robert Herrick

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night ?
Twas pity Nature brought you forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave ¹
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave

Robert Herrick

TO VIOLETS

WE COME, maids of honour !
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair ,
Yet you are
More sweet than any

You're the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses

Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected

Robert Herrick

¹ fine

TO SPRING

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring !

The hills tell one another, and the listening
Valleys hear, all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime !

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments, let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath, scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee

O deck her forth with thy fair singers, pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom, and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee

William Blake

SONG

APRIL, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter,
Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears !
April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears !

Sir William Watson

A CHANTED CALENDAR

FIRST came the primrose
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So look'd she,
And saw the storms go by

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has roll'd by,
Wanders to and fro,
So totter'd she,
Dishevell'd in the wind

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a banner'd show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them they came
trooping through the fields,
As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
All make holiday

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she,
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair

Sydney Dobell

TO MAY

MAY ! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours ?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead ?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers ?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire ,
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripen'd with fire ,
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame and free-livers ,
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers ,
And the whole plumy flight
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers !

Lord Thurlow

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear ,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshne and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ,

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to , that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen

William Wordsworth

“ IN PRAISE OF WHAT I LOVE ”

I know a dingle in a leafy wood
Filled with the fragrance of the perfect May.
Here the grey trees for centuries have stood,
And Spring wreathes garlands on them, new
and gay
Is there a moment of the shining day,
Fairer than this, which sees the rising sun
Slant the pale yellow of his early ray
On dew-drenched fallows, and the fine threads
spun
By long legged spinners in the clefts of trees,
Float their light gossamer upon the breeze ?
Here leaps the limber-footed, listening hare—
And here the Cuckoo, blithe and debonair,
Calls from the willows in the water leas,
Remote, elusive, a thin tongue of air

Pamela Tennant

SUMMER VOICES

Cuckoo and the Corncrake answering one another,
Cuckoo flitting and laughing from bough to
bough,
"We are the Summer's voices, brother, little
brother,
I from the dun of leaves, from dun of grass,
thou

Here I shout Cuckoo, ever a gay roamer,
I and my merry girl, now low, now high
Lacking us two, little brother, it were hardly
Summer,
Thou in the cool of grass, in cool of leaves, I "

Answers the Corncrake from the ripening meadow,
"Crake! Here I have heart's content, green
aisles among,
Telling my love-tale over in the shine and shadow,
To the brown ear of my little love who broods
so long "

"Pooh!" laughs the Cuckoo, flitting and fleeting,
"Of such dull domestic joys we are not fain,
We've an egg in the sparrow's nest, and my wild
sweeting
Flies beside me, free as the wind, o'er hill and
plain "

All day in his hidden bliss the Corncrake's talking,
All day through the gold and blue the Cuckoo
flits,
Over the white and golden hills Summer comes
walking,
Linnet and finch, her pages and knights, thrushes
and tits

Katharine Tynan

JULY

THE wind is in the willows, they are white beneath
the breeze,
And the river rushes rustle as they grow
The skimming swifts and swallows dip and sweep
beneath the trees,
Where the white-flowered water-weeds blow
At the foot of leaning poplars bowing grey against
the blue,
The quiet sheep are feeding newly shorn,
And among the standing barley, shot with poppies,
through and through,
The land-rail is crackling in the corn

All day the doves are calling, and the rose is on the
hedge,
Where the black-berried bryonies stray,
The yellow flower-de-luce is growing tall among the
sedge,
Where the clover was crimson in the hay
O, the sounds and scents of summer blowing free
upon the breeze !
The honeysuckle fashioned like a horn,
And the fragrance of the elder, in a dusk of stirring
trees,
And the night-jar churring on the thorn

Pamela Tennant

NIGHT-FALL

STRANGELY forlorn the crying seagulls sound,
Wheeling at dust above the silver streak,
Or dipping, ghostlike, to the reedy ground
About the borders of the silent creek

Lone and apart the stately heron flies,
Sinking from sight, becalmed, on outspread wing,
Where gathering clouds mass in the western skies,
Like huddled flocks at evening shepherding

Over the dim green fields there faintly floats
Answering echo of a peewit's wail,
Till daylight dies, and in soft limpid notes
Rises the carol of the nightingale

Lilian Holmes

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN

SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bells' sound

But oh ! of all beautiful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return

Robert Southey

I'VE BEEN ROAMING

I'VE been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow-dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
With its blossoms in my hair

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
With its kisses on my lips

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
To my bower back again

George Darley

A LAKE AND A FAIRY BOAT

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk ,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But Fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power !

Thomas Hood

THE OLD LOVE

Out of my door I step into
The country, all her scent and dew,
Nor travel there by a hard road,
Dusty and far from my abode

The country washes to my door
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,
The thunder of the woods, and then
The backwash of green surf again

Beyond the feverfew and stocks,
The guelder-rose and hollyhocks,
Outside my trellised porch a tree
Of lilac frames a sky for me

A stretch of primrose and pale green
To hold the tender Hesper¹ in,
Hesper that by the moon makes pale
Her silver keel and silver sail

The country silence wraps me quite,
Silence and song and pure delight,
The country beckons all the day
Smiling, and but a step away

This is that country seen across
How many a league of love and loss,
Prayed for and longed for, and as far
As fountains in the desert are

This is that country at my door,
Whose fragrant airs run on before,
And call me when the first birds stir
In the green wood to walk with her

Katharine Tynan

¹ The evening star.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water's shoot,
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit,
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea,
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me

Raise me a dais of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes,
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs de-lys,
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me

Christina Rossetti

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this ¹ "lancy is such
As you too ² "l adore,
I could not ³ "l thee, Dear, so much
Loved I not ⁴ "l honour more

Richard Lovelace

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicaean barks¹ of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad² airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand !
Ah, Psyche,³ from the regions which
Are Holy Land !

Edgar Allan Poe

TRUST THOU THY LOVE

TRUST thou thy love, if she be proud, is she not
sweet ?
Trust thou thy love if she be mute, is she not
pure ?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet,
Fail, Sun and Breath !—yet, for thy peace, she
shall endure

John Ruskin

¹ A reference to the famous yacht in which the Roman poet Catullus returned home from an official visit to Bithynia

² Water-nymph

³ A reference to the fable of Psyche, the beautiful bride of the god Cupid

THE GOLD PRINCESS

“ SOMETIMES,” said the Gold Princess,
“ I grow weary of my crown,
Weary of my shining dress
I would fain go down
Where the singing children pass,
Gathering daisies in the grass ”

“ Sometimes, ” said the Gold Princess,
“ When the swift bird-shadows go,
Speeding through the summer air
To their nests so far below,
I would fain be speeding after,
Following their light and laughter ”

“ Sometimes,” said the Gold Princess,
“ I grow weary of this place,
Of long days of idleness,
Mirrors flinging back my face,
Lonely drifts of marble rooms,
Garden closes, still as tombs ”

Still upon her ivory throne,
With gold sunshine on her face,
There she sits and dreams alone,
In that dim enchanted place

God be praised that such as we,
Still be poor and loved—and free !

Thora Storcell

DREAM LOVE

YOUNG Love lies sleeping
In May time of the year.
Among the bries,
Lapped in the tender light
White lambs come grazing,
White doves come building there,
And round about him
The May bushes are white

Soft moss the pillow,
For oh ! a softer check ;
Broad leaves cast shadow
Upon the heavy eyes
There winds and waters
Grow lulled and scarcely speak,
There twilight lingers
The longest in the skies

Young Love lies dreaming ,
But who shall tell the dream ?
A perfect sunlight
On rustling forest tips ,
Or perfect moonlight
Upon a rippling stream ,
Or perfect silence,
Or song of cherished lips

Burn odours round him
To fill the drowsy air ,
Weave silent dances
Around him to and fro ,
For oh ! in waking
The sights are not so fair,
And song and silence
Are not like these below

Young Love lies dreaming
Till summer days are gone,—
Dreaming and drowsing
Away to perfect sleep

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Out of eternity
This new day is born ;
Into eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Thomas Carlyle

CHIMES

BRIEF, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
Abrupt—O hark !
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go to the dark

Sudden the cold airs swing,
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud

Alice Meynell

THE ROSE

A rose, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone,
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known

The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learned bards of it their ditties made,
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Watered the root and kissed her pretty shade

But well-a-day!—the gardener careless grew,
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray

God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies

William Browne

THAT WIND

THAT wind, I used to hear it swelling,
With joy divinely deep,
You might have seen my hot tears welling,
But rapture made me weep

I used to love on winter nights
To lie and dream alone
Of all the rare and real delights
My lonely years had known

And oh!—above the best—of those
That coming time should bear,
Like heaven's own glorious stars they rose,
Still beaming bright and fair

Emily Brontë

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND
HIM ANYTHING

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee

Robert Herrick

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

Alfred Lord Tennyson

HOME

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care,
To stay at home is best

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt,
To stay at home is best

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest,
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky,
To stay at home is best

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

THEY say that every wish of ours
Adds one more feather to the wings
That lift us out of this grey world
Into the realm of fairy things
And there, where every wish comes true,
Wishes are horses, winged and fine,
So even beggars there can ride—
I only wish such steeds were mine !

O Dearest Dear, I'd ride with you
Beyond the moon, beyond the sun ,
We'd pick the stars to crown your hair,
And chase the comets, and we'd run
A-gallop up the Milky Way,
And drain the Dawn's enchanted wine
O Dearest Dear, how far we'd stray,
If such fine steeds were yours and mine !

We'd climb the stately Pyramids
And see the splendours of old Rome,
And cherry blossom in Japan,
And pale Niagara's crown of foam,
And moonlit glories of the Taj,¹
And Southern Seas whose islands shine
Like fairy dreams—if it were true
That such fine steeds were yours and mine
But Dearest Dear, we're beggars yet,
Except when, dreaming, we forget

Thora Stowell

¹ The Taj Mahal, a famous Indian temple

THE NIGHTINGALE

There is but one bird singing in the tree
When all the stars are silver pale
Come, children, walk the night with me,
And we shall hear the nightingale.

The nightingale is a shy bird
He shuns before you through the night,
And now the sleepy vale is still;
Through all its green and gold and white,

The moon leans from her place to bear,
The stars faded, often it is dust down,
For now comes in the sweet of the year,
The country-garden the prettiest goes on.

The blackbird turns upon his bly,
The thrush has oped a sleeping eye,
Quaint each downy sleepy head
But who goes singing up the bly?

It is, it is the nightingale
In the tall tree upon the hill
To moonlight and the dewy vale
The nightingale will sing his fill.

He's but a homely, speckled bird,
But he has, often a golden flute,
And when his wondrous song is heard,
Blackbird and thrush and lark are mute.

Troop, children dear, out to the night,
Clad in the moonlight silver pale,
And in a world of green and white
'Tis you shall hear the nightingale.

Katharine Tynan

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl
On a throne ?

II

I would be a mermaid fair,
I would sing to myself the whole of the day ;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair,
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
" Who is it loves me ? who loves not me ? "
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
 Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea bud crown
 Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
 With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
 In the midst of the hall,
Till that great sea snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sat, and look in at the
 gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,

And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks,
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are highest the sea
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells,
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea,
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea,
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea,
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the
sea,
All looking down for the love of me

Alfred Lord Tennyson

MY BIRD SINGS

YOUR pretty bird in a gilded cage

Flutters its sorrowful wings,

But there's never a cage-bird yet could sing
As my bird sings

He's little and brown and wild and shy,

But free to build and thrive

Your poor bit thing behind its bars
Is only half alive !

My bird sings out with the true wood-note,

Yours pipes of sorrowful things,

And never, now, may he learn the song
That my bird sings

Never, now, may he wheel and soar
With the sunshine on his wings
O, a bird in a cage is a crippled thing—
But *my* bird sings !

For mine is every bird that flies
On free, wild wings ,
And there's never a cage-bird yet could sing
As my bird sings

Thora Stowell

SHEEP AND LAMBS

ALL in the April evening,
April airs were abroad ,
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road

The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road ,
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God

The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak, human cry ,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet ,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad ,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God

Katharine Tynan

JACK O' LANTERN

WHEN Lady-Day one year we moved,
To leave the house we dearly loved,
We packed our things and all our ware,
A toweren waggon-load of gear,
And off we started down the road,
With two strong mares to draw the load
But having neither cage nor bin
To put our wing-clipped Jackdaw in,
Father, he fetch'd our lantern out
And that's what made the folk to shout—

“ Why there goes Jack o' Lantern !
We've heerd of Jack o' Lantern !
But never thought to see 'un—No !
Not see a Jack o' Lantern ”

Dear, what a sight it were ! the chairs
Were corded to the sides in pairs
The clock, sewn up in canvas bag
Was stitched agin' the sofa lag,
The chest of drawers, stuffed fit to crack,
Was wedged in 'long with Father's sack
Tables, with all their lags in air,
Made room for boxes and to spare
While pots, and pans, and tins, and pails,
Went swingen on a score of nails—

Along of Jack o' Lantern,
And “ look at Jack o' Lantern ”
The mothers to the children cry,
“ Come out ! see Jack o' Lantern ! ”

And now the Time be flyen fast,
But often looken down the Past,
I mind me of the home we left,
Familiar rooms o' life bereft
The empty walls, the wide-flung sash,
The hearth all thick wi' last night's ash
I knew to Mother it were pain
To think she'd never see 't again

And yet wi' eyes but barely dry,
She smiled to hear the children cry—

“ O ! look at Jack o' Lantern !
We've heerd of Jack o' Lantern !
But never thought to see 'un—No !
A proper Jack o' Lantern ”

Pamela Tennant

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ,
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ,
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ,—

I listen'd, motionless and still,
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more

William Wordsworth

THE SHELL

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design !

What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water world ?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand ,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand !

Alfred Lord Tennyson

SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors

Lo ! in that house of misery
A Lady with a Lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made,
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings,
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore,
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core

William Butler Yeats

THE BLUE GLASS BANGLE

I PASSED your garden yesterday,
The roses are all dead,
And the little desert sparrows play
In the dry iris bed,
And all your other pretty flowers
Are faded in these burning hours

I lingered by your garden wall—
You will not come again,
So there's no meaning left at all,
The beauty is sheer pain—
The wind that whispers to the leaves,
The sunshine on the lily-sheaves —

Beside the little garden door
Low in the dust I found
The print of your gay, dancing feet
In the dry, thirsty ground—
Do you come back at night to play
Where now you'll never come by day ?

Out in the dusty road they'd thrown
Dead leaves and flowers, and there
As I stood sadly all alone
A toy you used to wear,
A little blue glass bangle, showed
Broken and dulled in the dusty road

Only the ghost of the child I knew
And the wandering desert wind
Know where I hid a half for you
And nobody else to find—
Only the wind that flutes to the sky
When shadow feet go dancing by

The other half goes soon and late
Wherever my feet must go,
Till they reach at last a Postern Gate,
And a face I used to know
Laughs at me from the gathering night,
And beckons me in to the dawning light

Thora Stowell

THE WOMEN OF THE WEST

They left the vine wreathed cottage and the
mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they
cherished best
For love they faced the wilderness—the Women of
the West

The roar, and rush, and fever of the city died away,
And the old-time joys and faces—they were gone
for many a day,
In their place the lurching coach-wheel, or the
creaking bullock chains,
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never ending
plains

In the slab-built, zinc-roofed homestead of some
lately taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just
begun,
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's
unrest,
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of
the West

The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness
and pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never
comes again,
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words
men cannot say—
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles
away

The wide bush holds the secrets of their longing and
desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy
altar fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into
the breast—
Perchance He hears and understands the Women
of the West

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies
his arts—
They only hear the beating of their gallant, loving
hearts
But they have sung with silent lives the song all
songs above—
The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love
George Essex Evans

DREAMS

WHEN the grey streets shut me in again in the days
that come after,
When no more I shall see this blue, glittering sky,
Out of my store-house of dreams I shall take the
love and the laughter,
The scents and sounds and colour I now lay by
Oh waves that rock me and love me ! Your sun-
kissed splendour,
Your golden sands, with the frowning cliffs above,
Where the pitiful mosses and grasses and thyme
creep, starrily tender
You and the birds about you—you are the friends
I love
And when to me you are only dreams in the
embers—
While you lie wild and forlorn 'neath the wintry
sky—
Still you may know that the heart of your friend
remembers
Wait for me ! Wait !—I shall come back again by
and by
Thora Stowell

SWEET LOVE IS DEAD

SWEET Love is dead
Where shall we bury him ?
In a green bed,
With no stone at his head,
And no tears nor prayers to worry him

Do you think he will sleep,
Dreamless and quiet ?
Yes, if we keep
Silence, nor weep
O'er the grave where the ground-worms riot

By his tomb let us part
But hush ! he is waking !
He hath winged a dart,
And the mock-cold heart
With the woe of want is aching

Feign we no more
Sweet Love lies breathless
All we forswore
Be as before ,
Death may die, but Love is deathless

Alfred Austin

TO THE MOTHER

I HEARD them talking and praising the grey French country,
Dotted with red roofs high and steep,
With just one grey stone church-tower keeping sentry
Over the quiet dead asleep
Grey skies and greyer dunes as grey as duty,
Grey sands where grey gulls flew
And I said in my passionate heart, they know not
beauty,
Beloved, who know not you

I heard them praise the gold of the stormy sunset
And the pale moon's path on the sea,
I thought of your clouds with their wild magnificent
onset,

Your eagles screaming free
I thought of your mild kind mountains, angel-
bosomed,
Quiet in dusk and dew
What flower of beauty that ever in Paradise
blossomed,
Love, was denied to you ?

I thought of the pale green dawns, and gold day's
closes

Dear, I shall not forget
Nights when your skies were full of the flying roses,
Millions and millions yet
All your still lakes and your rivers broad and
gracious,
Dear mountain glens I knew,
When the trump of judgment sounds and the world's
in ashes
I shall remember you

Remember ! foretaste of Heaven you are, O
Mother !

By bog-lands, brown and bare,
Where every little pool is the blue sky's brother,
Your wild larks spring in the air
Land of my heart ! smiling I heard their praises,
Smiling and sighing too
I would give this grey French land for a handful
of daisies
Plucked from the breast of you

Katharine Tynan

CONTENT

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a crown,
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss
A mind content both crown and kingdom is

Robert Greene

A PERFECT WOMAN

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight,
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn,
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty,
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,

A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command ,
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light

William Wordsworth

THE SHEPHERDESS

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep
Her flocks are thoughts She keeps them white ;
She guards them from the steep
She feeds them on the fragrant height
And folds them in for sleep

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap
She is so circumspect and right ,
She has her soul to keep
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep

Alice Meynell

“ OH ! HOW I LOVE ! ”

OH ! how I love, on a fair summer's eve,
When streams of light pour down the golden
west ,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds, far, far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
From little cares , to find, with easy quest,
A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive

There warm my breast with patriotic lore,
Musing on Milton's fate¹—on Sidney's bier²—
Till their stern forms before my mind arise,
Perhaps on wing of Poesy upsoar,
Full often dropping a delicious tear,
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes

John Keats

THE DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay,
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out did the sparkling waves in glee
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company,
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils

William Wordsworth

¹ John Milton was blind and in his latter years neglected

² Sir Philip Sidney, poet and courtier, was killed at the battle of Zutphen (1586)

MUSIC

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed,
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on

Percy Bysshe Shelley

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves
run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ,
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel , to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-listed by the winnowing wind ,
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers ,
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ,
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ,
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn
Hedge-crickets sing , and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

John Keats

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !

Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightening

Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ,

Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even

Melts around thy flight ,
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed

What thou art we know not,
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody —

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unheeded
Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy
winged thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine,
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd wth thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of
pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee

Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

Walking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not •

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away ,
This way, this way
" Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret "
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ,
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round ,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ,
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine ,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ,
Where great whales come sailing by ,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye ,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sat with you and me ,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea ,
And the youngest sat on her knee
She comb'd its bright hair and she tended it well ,

When down swung the sound of the far-off bell
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green
sea,

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to day
'T will be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merriman, here with
thee!"

I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves!
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-
eaves!"

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay
Children dear, was it yesterday?"

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan,
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say,
Come!" I said, and we rose through the surf in
the bay

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled
town,

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was
still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes

She sat by the pillar, we saw her clear
"Merriman, hast thou come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan!"
But, ah, she gave me never a look
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
I stand pray's the priest, shut stands the door,
Come in, children, call no more!
Come & say, come down, call no more!"

Down, down, down !
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully
Hark what she sings " O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its
toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun ! "
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea
And her eyes are set in a stare ,
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair

Come away, away, children ,
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ,
Lights shine in the town
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ,
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl
Singing " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea "

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks thrown mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom,
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright sea-weed
The ebb-tide leaves dry
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town,
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down
Singing “There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea ”

Matthew Arnold

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mould ring her p.
Each in his narrow cell for e'er laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built b'd,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly b'd

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry the porcup of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er give,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you ye proud impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies rear,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
Vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the silent breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Hallowe'ntime the dull cold air of death?

Perhaps in the neglected spot is buried
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

Their lot forbade nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree,
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he •

“ The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn ”

The Epitaph

“ Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own

“ Large was his beauty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
friend

“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God ”

Thomas Gray

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ,
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives

George Herbert

